



# messing about in **BOATS**

**Special Features This Issue**  
“Soaki Koki” – “Right Around the Saints”  
“Cruising the Georgia Coast by Small Open Boat”

Volume 24 – Number 20

March 1, 2007



# **messing about in BOATS**

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March 1, 2007



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Every so often controversy pops up on our normally sedate, conflict free pages. Two recent topics which seemed to stimulate this are “safety” and “the environment.” Recently Chuck Sutherland’s article on Pennsylvania’s proposal to make wearing PFDs compulsory, which enjoyed some support from Chuck’s viewpoint as a long time kayak safety activist, elicited responses objecting to a “nanny state” attempting to regulate our personal safety. And in this current issue are several responses to Dave Carnell’s dismissal of current programs for reducing greenhouse gasses by substituting ethanol for gasoline (at least in part).

When “officials” decide to do something that they think (well informed or otherwise) needs to be done about the “problem” of small boat safety, many of us (including me) do not find this intrusiveness into our lives welcome. Because someone from the vast horde of ignorant general public decides to try a dip into our sport (of which they know nothing) and drowns through stupidity is not justification to those of us who feel we know what we are doing for the government to place the collar on all of us regardless of experience.

Small boating fatalities are trifling in the big picture of accidental deaths amongst our 300 million population, a recent annual figure was about 700 or so. Society’s attempts to entirely eliminate accidental deaths continue to focus on small politically uninfluential user groups (such as we small boaters) while the major stuff like highway deaths (45,000+ annually) roll right along despite all sorts of training, regulation, and enforcement. Just because there’s a law against it doesn’t keep many people from carrying on with lawless actions, drunken driving just one major example.

The example of someone having had a few drinks, deciding to jump into a kayak on the beach and paddle away, only to drown through stupid behavior, let alone lack of a PFD, is not relevant to most of us who have learned how to safely indulge in our sport. And thinking that if PFDs were compulsory this person would have put on one is naïve. Unless each of us is accompanied by a little official observer watching our every move, we can, if we choose, violate all sorts of rules and regulations governing our everyday lives with scant chance of being caught and punished.

I don’t advocate being a scofflaw, I do advocate being left alone when I am not acting so as to involve others in possible danger or trouble because of my actions. So I rant at times about the safety mavens who do not play any of the games they seek to regulate. All the well-intentioned oversight officially imposed on any activity will still not keep people from doing damage to themselves, including outright death.

What would have some influence on boating safety would be to know that if you got into trouble and had to be rescued, possibly placing rescuers lives at peril, you would have to pay the costs of such rescue if it is determined that you were negligent. The pocketbook is a mighty influence over behavior.

The issue of environmental degradation is a different situation, it seems to attract degrees of zealotry, pro and con, that are almost religious in their certainty. Thus we sometimes get letters, based on a solid dogmatic certainty, which object to a published viewpoint and feel the need to first assassinate the character of any person expressing that viewpoint unacceptable to the letter writer. I find this level of certainty amongst those informed mostly by mass media scaremongering about what is happening creating global warming to be breathtaking in its righteousness.

Small boaters do get to see environmental degradation out on the water and often contribute to it unwittingly. But our total contribution is still tiny. The ethanol issue, which prompted the latest little flare-up on our letters pages, reaches far beyond our simply accepting ethanol diluted gasoline in our small boats as being the right thing to do. Its overall economic and actual environmental impacts are still subject to impartial examination; i.e., how much more energy does it take to make that gallon of less fuel efficient ethanol than it, in turn, provides?

It’s pretty obvious that mainstream America is still not much impressed with the need to cut back on petroleum use judging from our collective buying habits. SUVs on the road, ORVs off the road, huge V8s and 250hp outboards afloat. Our small boater concerns are below the visibility level. As in the safety thing, it’s the pocketbook that speaks loudest. If petroleum use is to be constrained, make it awfully expensive. Try getting that past the voters!

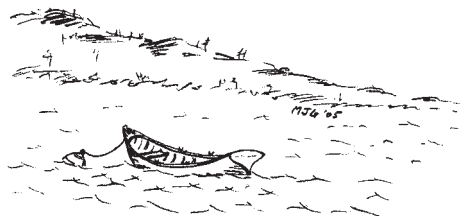
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## On the Cover...

Another of Jim Thayer’s annual Kokopelli camping/cruising gatherings out west there in high desert country has come and gone and Jim has a lengthy report with lots of photos for us in this issue.





## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

Last fall some people began complaining to me that summer was over. Not for a little while, I responded. Not until the Equinox.

"The what?" they asked, politely. Then they hauled their boats.

Autumn begins the best time of year to sail, the breeze blows far more constantly than during the hazy summer. It's not unbearably hot.

"Look," they said, "The leaves have begun to change."

"Just get a few miles offshore," I replied. "You won't see any leaves."

Oh, well. Let them haul their boats. It gives the yard crew something to do and leaves the ocean less crowded.

I presently keep *MoonWind* docked alongside the walkway that feeds the finger piers. The first hundred yards of the walkway is designated as the dinghy dock for those who keep their sailboats on moorings. Everyone rows or putters by my boat and bids me good day.

The boatyard launch has the first berth along the walkway after the dinghies. She's large enough to hold a dozen boaters, plus a couple of dogs, providing they're friendly, and has a busy schedule summer long. Now, after Labor Day, launch service had been reduced to weekends. Even then demand becomes sporadic.

Folks who need to come ashore to do their laundry and shopping, perhaps go out to dinner, tune to channel 68 and grieve in a public way. Some, of course, just want to go home after sailing. Our launch remains nondenominational, they've even been known to pick up people who just went out to their boats for a barbecue.

Then there are all the boaters who live "In town." Which is to say, they have slips at the finger piers. *MoonWind's* dock lies between piers F and G, a hundred boaters pass me on the way to their vessels. These are my neighbors, many of whom must stop and chat and tell me how good a job I've done, how spruce my sloop is looking.

I have so much work I need to do, replacing and refinishing brightwork, grinding out digs and crazes in the deck. Most of the boats at this end of the marina are substantial, 40' or more. Some of their winches cost more than what I paid for my little boat. Their brightwork and stainless steel glow in the dark. *MoonWind* will never become a yacht, no matter how many hours I spend, her Bakelite winches just won't take a polish. Yet they encourage me. It must be my Flemish coils.

A few of them live aboard all winter. Some of them sail south. Already this group has begun to make plans, to confer, peruse charts, to hoard extra engine parts. Key West, the Bahamas, where shall we go this winter? It must be tough giving up all this beautiful icy weather to bask in the sun. Come on, folks, New Englanders were born and bred to suffer, it builds character and curbs that degenerate urgency to relax.

When the need to sail descends on me, to garner my quota of wind and spray, *MoonWind* answers my call. Yes, she'll stay in a slip this winter. I paid my dues this year. I spent the first two months of the season to overhaul of her bottom, to rebuild her rudder. Next spring I'll start sailing before the daffodils peek from beneath their coverts, when people still carry snow shovels in their trunks.

For now I'm still stripping brightwork and yapping with my neighbors, each of whom has advice to share as to which finish to use. They also share cheering news about the weather. There's a hurricane off Cape Hatteras, they inform me, may be up here by the end of the week. Just maybe.

Once every 15 years we get a bad storm. Once every 50 years we get our comeuppance. Hurricane Carol in '54 was the worst in my short memory. The hurricane of '38 demolished southern New England. The breakwater at the mouth of our marina might make a difference, at least in a moderate storm. It stands about 6' above high water. Then again, it consists of loose piled rocks. As the man says at the fairgrounds booth, "You pays your money and you takes your chances." And a parting word of comfort from my boss concerning hurricane damage, "As long as the hole isn't larger than the boat, I can fix it." And he can.



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# You write to us about...

## Information of Interest..

### Don't Miss Out

I've got an itch to get down to the Boat Thingy at Cortez, Florida. Trouble is, it's pretty hard to justify a jaunt like that, what with the price of gas, motels, and Big Macs. The project calls for some serious symbiosis.

I'm suggesting one of those rare win/win situations where you would get a hull and I would get some help with a trip to Florida. To sweeten the pot, delivery charges would be modest. Of course, anybody near the rhombi line would be welcome to get on board.

I would suggest the following:

Mountain Girl: 19' fantail hull. Perfect for steam, electric, or gas. Would make a stunning "Plank on Edge Cutter" with ballast keel.

Victoria: 16' fantail. Also suitable for steam, electric, or gas. A super pulling boat (laid aft deck with flag staff) or an elegant and dainty (gaff) sailboat.

A Duckah!: 18' row/sail day boat or beach cruiser. If you saw the photos of the Boobster's boat, without lust in your heart, you need professional help. I should think that some gentleman's group would order a half dozen or so.

Bear in mind that the Livery and Express are the most elegant pulling boats available today. To live in Florida without one is the direst sort of privation.

Please consider. This is a rare opportunity. There is no telling when, or if, we will be down that way again. We will certainly help you with advice, specs, details, supplies, and so on. Please get in touch posthaste for further details on these and our other hulls.

Jim Thayer, Grand Mesa Boatworks LLC, 220 Chipeta Ave., Grand Junction, CO 81501, (970)434-6942, jimthayerboats@hotmail.com.

### More on the Currachs of Ireland

Thanks for the interesting article about the currachs of Ireland. I have enjoyed your magazine for many years.

Every summer a series of races is held around Ireland, the overall winner of these races then travels to Carson's Beach, Boston, Massachusetts, U.S., to compete in a race held there every summer. Yes, Boston, Massachusetts!

In Ireland, if you build a curragh using traditional methods you can obtain financial assistance in the form of a government grant. Last year three such currachs were built in Killkee, County Clare, to compete in this year's races, one of which was the second annual Doonbeg Regatta, held at the pier in Doonmore, sponsored by the Honan Family and Comerfords Pub in the village of Doonbeg.

Doonbeg is fast becoming a popular destination for golfers with its seaside Greg Norman golf course and hotel. Area pubs offer traditional music sessions featuring local musicians.

Doonbeg is located on a peninsula with the Shannon River on one side and the Atlantic Ocean on the other. It is a 45-minute drive from the Shannon Airport and about a half hour from the Cliffs of Moher, the Burren and Doolin, where you can take a ferry to the Aran Islands.

Steve W. Willard, Marblehead, MA

### Whatever Works Best

Captain Ed Howard's letter on the use of the engine to unwind the lobster trap line is a valid consideration concerning a neutral gear switch. I have been there (we have crab traps in Apalachee Bay) and done that. One solution is not to disconnect the neutral gear switch. Rather, you wire in a manual bypass or, as in my case, you put the transmission in neutral and turn the propeller shaft by hand to unwind the crab trap buoy line. Of course, I seldom go out by myself and my propeller shaft is right there when I open the engine box. I also have a long piece of heavy rod to insert between the nuts that attach the shaft to the transmission to give me leverage, if needed.

Captain Howard notes that he shuts off the fuel supply before using the engine's starter motor to unwind the shaft. Since my diesel always has fuel in the injector assembly, I have to shut off the fuel and then run the diesel in neutral until the fuel is exhausted before I can use the starter motor to "bump" the engine and thus the propeller shaft. Because of what is involved, I use the hand on the propeller shaft method. Besides, using the starter motor puts a lot of strain on the motor and the batteries.

In the long run, it is what ever works that counts.

C. Henry Depew Tallahassee, FL

### Signal Flags

In response to Richard Eller's request for information on Navy signal flags (January 1):

Most flag hoist signals between Navy ships consist of flag combinations whose meanings are defined in *Allied Tactical Publication (ATP) 1A Volume 2*. Or so it was named back in the early 1960s when I served. At that time the book was classified Confidential and it, or its successor, is probably still so classified, which might explain why Ellers never got a response to his query from the Navy.

The equivalent civilian signal book is Publication 102 of the National Imagery and Mapping Agency, *International Code of Signals (1969, revised 1999)*. It is available as a pdf file at: [www.sensi.org/leonid/books/RYA%20YachtMaster%20Sailing%20Courses%20\(2000\)/Pubs/Pub102.pdf](http://www.sensi.org/leonid/books/RYA%20YachtMaster%20Sailing%20Courses%20(2000)/Pubs/Pub102.pdf).

The same book was formerly known as HO 87, a publication of the Navy Hydrographic Office.

I suppose tall ships which are part of their respective countries' armed forces (if U.S. allies) could communicate using ATP1A Vol. 2; civilian ships might use Pub. 102.

Paul Lefebvre, Gainesville FL

### It's a Cunningham

A couple of comments on C. Henry Depew's article "From The Lee Rail" in the January 15 issue. In the paragraph about the Tornado, the hook and loop system he describes is used primarily to reduce compression on the mast by eliminating the downward pull of the halyard. The downhaul system he describes is known as a "Cunningham" and was first developed by Briggs Cunningham, famous auto racer and America's Cup sailor. The Cunningham allows you to tighten the luff without going beyond the mast bands.

Roy Terwilliger, Harwich, MA

### About My Ellen

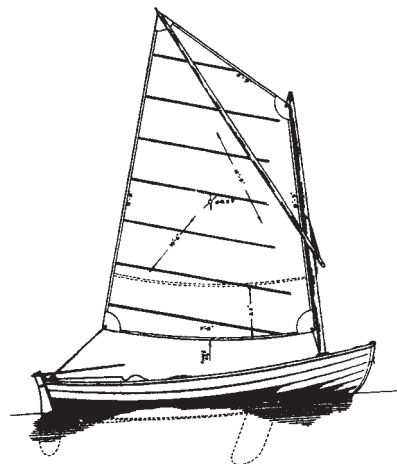
I'd like to tell your readers about the *Ellen*. She is a 12' glued lapstrake designed by John Brooks of Brooklin, Maine. The *Ellen* can be built either as a rowboat or a gunter or sprit rigged sailboat. I use Shelman sapele marine plywood (6mm) for planking and white oak for structural members along with mahogany for transom, keelson, and inner stem. Thwarts and seats are Atlantic white cedar and the spars are Sitka spruce. Fittings are bronze.

The interior and topsides are painted with the owner's choice of color while the tiller and the spars are varnished. The western red cedar floorboards are oiled.

The *Ellen* comes complete with sail, kick-up rudder, hiking stick, daggerboard, 7½' spruce Shaw & Tenney oars, three rowing positions, drain plug, adjustable/removable thwart, and brass rub rails on the stem, keel, and skeg. She has a wineglass transom that is varnished inside and out.

She is a delight to row or sail and would make a great tender or just a good little boat in which to mess about.

Bruce Beglin, Windemere Boat Co., 132 Duncaan Cir., Bedaver, PA 15009, (724) 775-8972, [www.windemereboats.com](http://www.windemereboats.com).



## Information Wanted..

### Quest for a Builder/Companion

About a year ago (maybe two!) *MAIB* did a feature on a little portable houseboat that I designed several years previously. The boat can be disassembled within an hour or two into three strong units that can be carried in a pickup truck bed, or on a small flatbed utility trailer!

Before I placed the *MAIB* article I had built a large 4' long model of the houseboat for use in estimating stability and weight, load capacity, etc. I took photos of it in a nearby pond and included one for the *MAIB* article, which was used.

After scaled tests on the model's stability and displacement (I scaled all of the model's materials), I now feel confident that a full-size boat would be very workable.

But my property of one acre has very little level ground space and my shed is quite small. For this reason I've put off building the actual houseboat (which I've named *Small World*).

Now comes the "Quest" that I'm seeking. I'm a retired senior (70s) and would like to contact a builder-companion who lives

near a lake or coastal area in the southeast. Somewhere near Myrtle Beach would be ideal, but any area through Florida, the Gulf Coast to Mobile area would be fine. I used to live in Sarasota and also in Destin. Any large lake areas in the above areas would be OK.

Preferably the person would have a woodworking shop (nothing large and fancy) but would have a table saw. I have all the other tools needed for the building of the boat and could bring these in my car trunk. It would require about a month to build this boat, with the companion helping at various times. I would pay for most of the materials. In return, I would need just a small room to sleep in to save lodging expense.

Then, when the boat is built and water tested, we could either sell the boat (which I think would bring at least \$3,000) and split this money between us. Or, if this companion-builder wanted to buy it, I'd work out a low price for this. I feel we'd have a lot of pleasure building it and also get some unique and valuable experience in boat building.

If anyone "out there" (of either gender) would be interested in such an arrangement, I would be very pleased to receive a postal letter and get acquainted!

Walter Head, Hobbyscraft Kayaks, 1178 Laurel Fork Rd., Vilas, NC 28692

#### Fred Shell's Views on Small Boat Rigs

I am a long time reader who has always enjoyed Fred Shell's designs, so I was happy to see them in the January 1 issue.

I am wondering if Fred would be willing to do a follow-up article on his experience with his crab claw rig now that he has a few years' experience with it? Is it more efficient than other simple rigs? Would it work well on any of his other boats? In general, what are the plusses and minuses of the rig?

I saved the November 15, 1995 issue for the article in it on Fred's Clipper 15 and 18 designs, but I see in this latest article that they are missing from his catalog listing. Are they still available?

I have enjoyed very much what Phil Bolger has written on small boat rigs but it would be fun to read what Fred's thoughts are on small boat rigs in general and learn the plusses and minuses of the rigs used in his line of boats.

Joseph Pouliot, Burnsville, MN

## Opinions..

#### More Yet on Ethanol Fuel

Thanks to Dave Cornell for his recent note countering the constant drumbeat from the media concerning ethanol, oil drilling, and climate change. The hoopla here in the middle west over ethanol production is mostly a bone being thrown to the corn farmers by the politicians. In order to satisfy demand for mandated E85 and E10 gasoline, we'll have to start importing large quantities of ethanol.

Recently the cattle industry launched a counterattack charging that the emphasis placed on producing corn for ethanol is already raising the price of cattle feed. Look for rising meat prices in the supermarket.

Bill Howell, Wappapello, MO

#### Nanny State

As to Pennsylvania being a "nanny state," if it isn't now it will have to get to be one in order to take care of the carnage gambling will create. We are beings swamped by the approach of gambling.

Bob Doordon, Media, PA

#### Creates More Hurdles

Dave Cornell's statistical information ("About Ethanol Fuel, You write..." January 1) and his concept of the earth's origin stretches his credibility. Climate changes since the industrial revolution are real and Dave's ostensible denial only creates more hurdles for an intelligent response to limiting greenhouse gasses.

Greg Paprocki, Wind Lake, WI

## This Magazine..

#### Enjoys "Beyond the Horizon"

I enjoy Hugh Ware's "Beyond the Horizon" as an old Third Mate Pilot on the Great Lakes when U.S. Steel's Pittsburgh Steamship Co. had 66 steamships hauling iron ore, coal, and limestone vs. today's eight to ten.

Robert G Halsey, Naples FL

#### Only Publication That Comes Close to Real Life

Thank you again for your magazine. After 20 years of being fascinated by watercraft, this is the only publication that has even come close to real life. It really is a wonderful read and I look forward to it with smile every two weeks (or so).

Until the coal sprouts flowers...

Jon DeGroot, Davison, MI

#### A Remarkable Achievement

You bring fair winds and smooth seas into my home twice a month. Thank you. Please know that MAIB is a remarkable achievement.

Bob Shipman, Houston, TX

#### Thanks for Fred Shell Story

I'm glad you ran the story on Fred Shell. When 9/11 hit I was working at the Charlotte, North Carolina airport. It was hell for us in the car rental business. I didn't want to watch the tape of the planes hitting the World Trade Center anymore so when Fred's video came I watched it 20 times in two days. It was so nice. It features his family, he has daughters, as I do.

I thought to thank him several times for the video but never did. I didn't want to bother him as I wasn't going to buy one of his kits.

Paul Austin, Dallas, TX

#### Reader Response Helpful

After you published my desire to build a sailing houseboat, some readers took the time to send some old boat plans and stories on shanty boats and houseboats. They were all very much appreciated.

I currently own an 8' fiberglass sailboat, a 16' daysailer, and a 26' pontoon boat that I am converting into a houseboat rather than starting from scratch. Despite being retired I still don't have enough time to work on and enjoy all my projects and boats, but I'll stay with them forever.

Tony Tesoriere, Hanford, CA

#### Email Subscriptions

When I read recently in your "Commentary" that an email version of MAIB costs only \$22 I leaped up and danced a little jig over to my computer where I was severely let down to discover that it is actually \$32, which is a bit of a head scratcher because shouldn't it be less, what with skipping the print and postage cost and all?

I'm hoping you'll say it's \$22 'cause at that price I'll keep both versions and take to leaving the print copies at local marinas to hopefully send more business your way. Maybe you could even do a special rate for people taking both versions, like buy one, get one 50% off.

I hope I got this letter thing correct, it's been a while since I've mailed one. Wonder if I have a stamp?

Steven Molin, Banks, OR

**Editor Comments:** We have an arrangement with the online boating magazine, Duckworks, to accommodate those who wish to receive MAIB by email. This was mainly set up for Canadian and overseas readers who have to pay punishing postage rates as we cannot bulk mail issues outside of the U.S. There are about 40 to 50 email subscribers and demand is virtually non-existent. I offer no price discount as email subscriptions save me little as long as the major circulation remains by print media (my \$22 mention was in error). I will not be going to a "webzine" format during what's left of my working life.

An appropriate nautical analogy is that of commercial sail when faced with the arrival of steam. They overlapped for about 80 years, 1840s-1920s. Like those old sailing skippers, I'll carry on as at present as I have only a few good working years left and intend to enjoy them my way.



## COMPASS ROSE REVIEW

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Several years ago, after moving to East Tennessee, I met a couple of our neighbors, Eva and Ron Stob. We began talking and they told me a great story. They were "Californians" who decided they were going to take up boating and make a trip around the U.S. I visited with them some more and found out they had written a book about it called *Honey, Let's Get a Boat*. Not having been boaters, they took boating classes. They then purchased a trawler in Florida and were off on an adventure!

The trip is referred to as America's Great Loop. The Great Loop is the circumnavigation of eastern North America along the Atlantic seaboard, across the Great Lakes, through the inland rivers, along the Gulf of Mexico, and around or across Florida.

Subsequent to their book publishing, folks interested in the trip, or actually taking part or all of the trip, got in contact with my neighbors. As a result of all this the America's Great Loop Cruisers' Association was formed. Each year the association publishes six newsletters. In addition, each year a group will rendezvous along the route, attend seminars, and share boating information, food, fun, and various activities.

This trip takes, on average, 200 days to complete and, as the title implies, it is long distance messing. At least 750 boats that the association is aware of have made the trip thus far. If you are interested in more information you can look on their website, [www.greatloop.com](http://www.greatloop.com) or write to them at America's Great Loop Cruiser's Association, P.O. Box 168, Greenback, TN 37742-0168.

America's Great Loop Cruisers' Association is an association of boaters who have cruised, or dream of cruising, any or all of America's Great Loop. The purpose of the

## Long Distance Messing About

From Henry Champagney



### America's Great Loop Cruisers' Association

Association is to provide information to boaters who are interested in boating on America's eastern waterways, including the Atlantic and Gulf Intracoastal Waterways, the Great Lakes, the Canadian Heritage Canals, and the inland river systems. Formed in 1999, the organization is committed to sharing navigational and cruising information that will enhance the enjoyment and safety of those cruising these waterways.

Annual dues are \$33 per member per year for U.S. residents. A member consists of a couple or a single person. Canadian member dues are \$40 per year, international members pay \$48 per year.

The membership publication is a bimonthly newsletter called *The Great Loop Link*. Each year there are six issues of fact-filled pages, published and distributed in January/February, March/April, May/June, July/August, September/October, and

November/December. A U.S. first class mailing option is available for \$6 extra per year.

A membership directory is produced annually listing members alphabetically as well as by state or province and boat name. Members are encouraged to share their contact information in the directory.

Two or three rendezvous take place each year along the Great Loop route with seminar speakers, boat visitations, food, fun, and various activities.

A web site, [www.greatloop.com](http://www.greatloop.com), provides information on the association, a gallery of photos, a special membership/book offer, events, newsletter articles, FAQs, and links to useful web sites.

Members who complete the Great Loop cruise are awarded their BaccaLOOPerate Degree. Those who complete the Loop a second time receive a MasterLOOPerate Degree.

All members are invited to submit information for the newsletter. Suggested columns include:

- Great Gunkholes
- Marvelous Marinas
- Exceptional Eateries
- Preeminent Portso'Call
- Sensational Side Trips
- Features on locks, weather, pets on board
- Equipment, books, etc.

Members may join a cruisers' email list to share information as they cruise the Great Loop. An AGLCA burgee is available. All back issues and/or a CD of the first five years of newsletters can be ordered. Other benefits include advertising boats or charts for sale in the newsletter and discounts on books, electronic charts, BOAT-US membership and burgee flagpole. Other products include Great Loop maps, place maps, caps, visors, and various styles of shirts.

To become a member inquire for a membership form from America's Great Loop Cruisers' Association, P.O. Box 168, Greenback, TN 37742-0168, phone (865) 856-7888, fax: (865) 856-5889, email [REStob@greatloop.com](mailto:REStob@greatloop.com), web site/URL [www.greatloop.com](http://www.greatloop.com).

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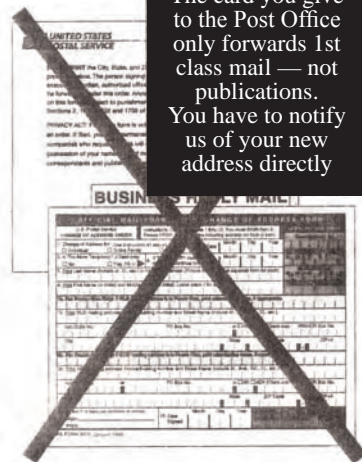
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Let me start by quoting the story abstract, which I cannot improve upon, from the back cover:

"Will Foster launches his sixteen foot skiff, the *Buccaneer*, eager for a summer of fun and adventure on Belfast Harbor. But he has fallen foul of his tough school fellow, Frank O'Leary, who watches with envy as he fishes from the footbridge that crosses the harbor. When Will capsizes athwart the bows of the *Hatea*, a forty-five foot replica of a New Zealand trading scow, her skipper, old salt Murray Shipman, befriends him. Murray arranges an uneasy truce between the boys, but sickness and a storm are about to test them all."

This is an interesting book written at two levels; one level is for parents, but the main level is for pre-teens or adolescents who might still be favorably influenced by a parent or mentor capable of teaching responsibility and other important life skills.

Author Arch Davis (google "Arch Davis Designs" – more on that later) lives in the upper Penobscot Bay town of Belfast, Maine, which is situated just above Camden but west of Bar Harbor. Once a thriving fishing and industrial waterfront, Belfast, which also was the terminus of the Belfast and Moosehead Lake Railroad, has become gentrified but still has some of the authentic downeast cultural flavor. Davis, originally born and raised in New Zealand, has done an admirable job of weaving many authentic geographic and cultural details of Belfast with a contemporary theme that's relevant for 21st century families.

The characters are well developed, realistic, and have important roles in delivering the story's moral messages. Will Foster is the juvenile character Davis makes dominant in the first half of the book. He is a conscientious and usually well-behaved foster child in a single parent family headed by an intrepid and independent stepmother. She decides to reward him for his birthday by stretching the budget and acquiring a do-it-yourself boat building kit. Together they learn new manual skills and build the *Buccaneer*, step by step, chapter by chapter, with lots of moral lessons thrown in for good measure.

The female characters have lots of depth, too, and play important roles in helping the story along. They range from the dedicated intensity of Will's mother to a couple of precocious and inseparable class flirts who always manage to seize some social advantage as part of the action.

On the other hand, Frank O'Leary is a kid headed for trouble, one who lives a seamy existence at home with a single father who is at best a poor role model. Early in the story Frank meets Murray Shipman, erstwhile father and roaming sailor with his own demons to battle. Murray has come to Belfast Harbor to live aboard for the warm season, near the old Rt. 1 footbridge, in his homebuilt scow *Hatea*. Frank helps Murray at first but then the two have a falling out after which they observe each other at a distance. Frank vacillates between pining for the validation he enjoyed with Murray and caving in to peer pressure from the local bad boys. Frank and Will have some minor interaction at school, each one struggling to navigate through adolescent angst and their family situations.

In the second half of the book, after *Buccaneer* is launched and sailed for a few pleasant adventures, Will and some friends capsize and end up fouled in *Hatea's* bobstay, pinned there by the tide. Murray rescues



## Book Review

### *The Skiff, The Scow, and the Footbridge*

Fiction by Arch H. Davis  
373 Pages Softbound  
Published 2006 by Belfast Bay Books

Reviewed by Chuck Yahrling

and befriends Will by offering to help repair the damaged *Buccaneer*. Goaded by an abusive father at home and jealousy at losing contact with Murray in favor of Will, Frank acts out in revenge against Will. From there on Frank becomes the dominant juvenile character of the story and we find Murray wisely intervening to renew his mentor role with Frank and to resolve the conflict between the boys. In the process Murray makes a spiritual comeback of his own. The story ends with Frank, Will, and friends joining forces to rescue Murray from sure doom in a late autumn storm.

Arch Davis Designs, which offers this book as well as some fine looking small boat designs, can be found at [www.by-the-sea.com/archdavisdesign/davis2.html](http://www.by-the-sea.com/archdavisdesign/davis2.html). Their order line is (800) 357-8091 and the book is advertised for \$17.95 plus \$6.00 S&H. Davis has essentially published the book himself, so other than a few local book shops up here in the PenBay area, the only source is directly from him.

I called Davis to ask a few questions about the book and to get some insight about the author. Some edited, condensed dialogue follows:

**MAIB:** Is this your first work as an author?

Davis: Actually no. I wrote a few stories many years ago in New Zealand. The manuscript of the first I never tried to get into book form. The second I tried to have published, but it was unfeasible at the time.

**MAIB:** What would you say was the inspiration for *The Skiff, the Scow, and the Footbridge*?

Davis: I was inspired as a youngster by the English writer Arthur Ransome, who wrote in the 1930s a series of kid's novels that had boating as a central theme. I enjoyed these back then and was always influenced by them so I had them in the back of my mind when I did this one. I left the ending of *The Skiff...* open and may someday use it as the pilot for a series.

**MAIB:** What message or theme did you have for *The Skiff...*?

Davis: I wanted to make a statement to modern kids who rely so much on consumer

electronics like video games. I wanted to say that you can have fun if you get out of doors and use your imagination. I grew up without TV and don't have it at home for my kids. It dismays me that we have this beautiful venue of Penobscot Bay yet so few kids have any desire to be out there rowing or sailing. Back in New Zealand, when I was growing up, a place like this would be clouded with sails in the summer.

**MAIB:** Anything else?

Davis: Like Murray Shipman, I have observed some local kids here in Belfast who could use some direction and mentoring. I should mention, by the way, that I am an adoptive parent. And, like Will Foster, my two children are from a racial minority.

Summarizing, this is an excellent book for a family situation or to give to an adolescent who likes to read adventures about others in his/her age bracket. It accurately captures local flavor as well as social issues which are probably common to most small towns today. Parents and children can share it and it would be a good instrument to give a junior "messenger" a strong start on boats. Davis writes from the heart and from his experience as a shipbuilder and as an adoptive parent. I hope he will favor us with more stories about boats and the people who build them, youngsters or adults.



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Views of "Perfect Harbor."

The above flash of genius, of which he is inordinately proud, came to Steve in the midst of some downpour. It seriously trivializes the dauntless determination, fearless fortitude, and other excellent expeditionary talents for which the Kokonauts are famed. Well, I haven't come up with anything better so let's get on with this soggy saga.

Henceforth, down the years, when the 'Nauts gather around their fires, the tales of yore will divide naturally into BD (Before Deluge) and AD (Après Deluge). Those who weren't present may suspect exaggeration, or at least enhancement, but the first-hand witnesses will have none of that. It was of truly Biblical proportions.

I quit my warm, dry hearth after lunch, September 28, en route to Hite to check the water level at the ramp. I bagged up under a lowering moon just north of the Hite crossing. Up at first light, I sucked the glow of the rising sun from the surrounding cliffs with my video machine and then made for the Hite government complex, where I felt sure a proper facility awaited my morning needs.

Emerging with a satisfied smile, I was accosted by an attractive couple who inquired if I was affiliated with some sort of Lake Powell sailing affair. It was Mike and Michele from Phoenix with their Sea Pearl. They went for the put-in while I went down to check the ramp. It looked doable but not encouraging. There had been talk on wayneswords.com about breaking through the dry crust into bottomless gunk below. Also of concern were the off lying bars which suggested that maybe one couldn't

## Soaki Koki

By Jim Thayer

even get to the ramp.

Checking the Cataract Canyon raft take-out across the river, I was greeted by a 2' cut-bank which depended who knows how far into the murky water. The rafters evidently have the manpower and equipment to deal with it. Our projected one way run from Bullfrog to Hite looked like a no go.

At Bullfrog, after a futile search for some liquid detergent, I wound up at the laundry paying 76¢ for a little packet of washing powder which left the whole outfit smelling like a French floozy. After roaming the adjacent beaches for familiar vehicles I headed for the Stanton Creek put-in. I wound up in the same spot as last year and with the water level within inches of last year. How remarkable!

Most of the expected participants were in attendance except Tom, Heather, and kids had rolled in with Jack and gave us the story which, of course, has many twists and turns with interesting details if you are of a mechanical bent. In short, the van died. But Tom has a good selection of back-up iron so he pulled in later in the day with boats and gear, somewhat the worse for wear and towing fees, - but still smiling.

For several years now the Kokopelli has coincided with the weekend gathering of the Yahoo Bunch, named for their website. Sandra Leinweber usually chronicles the

doings of this group. I must, however, mention one particularly egregious example of home boat building.

Martin Adams, via the Yahoo site, had kept us abreast of his labors on a large catamaran with hulls made from large pvc pipe. In the flesh this was a tightly packed bundle of brightly painted pipe and shiny aluminum framework on top of his small pick-up. The packing itself indicated a keen analytical mind. All hands stood at the ready for the assembly of this wonder, which required several hours of carefully orchestrated effort. It sailed well on a reach but doubtless had a learning curve.

Another notable boat was Dave Hahn's *Picara*, which showed up Saturday with his lovely wife Anita crewing. The craft, suggestive of Dennis' Long Micro, elicited much interest and acclaim. I've been picking on Dave for several years over his failure to bring it along so now I guess I'll have to eat my rudder or something. But next thing I know he is gone. Was she making water or what? I can't let up till he makes a full cruise.

Sunday was the appointed departure day but Steve's delicate antennae detected a certain lassitude among the troops, perhaps engendered by the enormous piles of gear encumbering the area. All hands heartily concurred that Monday would do just as well. So mid-morning, under blue skies with an east wind, there was a flurry of activity and the boats began to pick their way past the fearsome octopus and out to sea.

The plan had been to drive eastward before the prevailing wind to Good Hope





Kim with hi-tech sail.



Pelican rig *Van Gogh* and Bruce's blue tarp sail *Mongrel* boat.



Hatch built *Mouseboat*.



Rowers headed for trouble.



At long last, Dave Harth's *Picara*.



All the Gales doing it right.

Adam's *Super-Duper* cat.



Willie towing salvage.



Bay, mooch around for a couple of days, and hope for a wind shift to bring us home. There were four outboards in the fleet so the wind was optional. We were maybe halfway across Bullfrog Bay when we got a 180° shift but the die was cast and we forged ever westward.

We stopped for lunch among a series of nicely rounded stone humps. While under water they had accumulated a layer of silt and slime which was a danger at any level but was particularly treacherous at water level. It fell to Kim to bring this home forcefully. Fortunately he was uninjured but his camera was badly bent and dripping pixels. Pity, as he is an ace photographer.

As we beat down channel against an increasingly boisterous breeze, it might be a good time to take note of the fleet. In the van was John Denison in the queen of the fleet, his MacGregor 26 with 60 horse Merc! It is clear that John has no regard for contrary winds. This queen contrasted with her subjects much as did Marie Antoinette with the scruffy peasants of les rues de Paris. Probably like those folk, this lot thought themselves morally superior, at least more in tune with the world. As it turned out they would have likely traded places!

After a large break in the continuum, we come upon Kim Apel in his pristine white canoe. It was beamier than the long red job of last year, the better to carry sail. Worse luck, his mast step blew up on the first sail and a replacement constructed on the spot suffered the same fate. Not to worry, Kim is a killer on the oars and usually out ahead.

Under tutelage of his grandpa, Jack Hicks, Little Willie is turning into a serious rower. It would be too much to expect him to row so long into this wind so he gets some help. Gale pere has outfitted the Van Gogh boat with a S.F. Pelican rig which looked very sharp and seemed to work well. I think Tom prides himself on never using the same rig two years running.

Heather Gale, aka Wonder Woman, in the New York Whitehall, aka the Girly Boat, works into anything short of a full gale, never drawing a deep breath. Jack, of course, is out there with his sublime self-designed pulling boat cum cruiser/liveaboard.

Chuck and Sandra Leinweber, with the overkill befitting a couple of Texans, had their Michalak towing two home built kayaks which proved very handy. Their boat had an incredible amount of watertight storage along with a lug rig.

Rounding out the pack was my able and beloved Nina with uber mariner Steve Axon crewing. According to my articles, crew does all the work while I manage the video and dig out the beer. Indicative of the perils faced and weather endured, we ended the trip with beer still in the cooler.

My upgrade this season was a new sheet horse with lead acting on the end of the boom. I was amazed at how much this reduced the strain compared to my previous mid-boom sheet and cleared up the cockpit as well. The new block has an integral and adjustable cam cleat. I studied it and set it in the shop where I thought it would have the best lead. In the midst of some rather spirited tacking to windward we began to have trouble and discovered that the camcleat had shed its adjustment bolt and was moving around. Later in camp we discovered the bolt and its minuscule nut on deck. The cleat was then adjusted to its now obvious position and has worked like a champ.

Midafternoon or so we spied John beached on the southern shore. When within hailing distance, John described a hidden passage behind the rocks. We gave it a look and found an ideal spot but it was way early. Yeh, but there is nothing but sheer walls for some miles ahead. Vigorous waving enticed the fleet to give up their hard won ground and they soon gathered in.

The hidden lead was a least 100 yards long with a high sheer cliff on one side and low sandstone on the other. There was plenty of flat and good landings, just watch your step! We settled in and the gang chatted away the afternoon while Willie and Ruby did homework, John went to work on spaghetti, while Kim attacked a large cabbage, the base for a nice salad which was to become a staple of the evenings ahead. It contained a selection of dried fruit which included blackberries, the seeds of which were a bit unsettling here in the land of sand.

Just at suppertime we got a blast of cold air and enough rain to send people scuttling. Cold spaghetti! It turned into a nice evening but, had any Boy Scouts been present, they might have suffered terminal laughter while watching the fire starting technique. Four or five applications of gasoline, each larger than the previous, provided excitement but had little effect on the wood. The fire log under the pile burned off its wrapper without getting turned on. We did finally get it going and had a pleasant evening.

I slept in the open aboard the boat but wisely rigged a cover close at hand. With the first facial splashes I deployed it and went back to sleep. Come morning the foot of the bag was damp so I strung it over a couple of chairs to dry.

After a leisurely breakfast I noticed BBCs (big black clouds) heading down from the NW. Nothing if not cautious, I put a cover over my bag and tucked it under the chair legs and jumped into my oilies. The thing came on like an express train. The chairs went A over T and our little harbor was filled with whitecaps. Within moments waterfalls were jumping off the cliff tops. Pretty exciting.

It was fairly short lived. In this country, despite the occasional tormenta, the sun is soon out and the event forgotten. The bag was run up the mast and the rest of the camp took on a Monday morning aspect. By lunch time everything was shipshape and soon after we were moving downriver by oar or motor.

Late afternoon we found John ashore near the mouth of Slick Rock Canyon. We liked a spot further around the bend but John declined to move and spent the rest of our stay commuting by land or kayak. Smelling some breeze, we headed out and beat upstream until we met Tom, who went back to shepherd his clan. Tom soon came sailing in, followed by the rest.

Sandra does salmon cakes which meet with all round approval. Well, maybe not the kids who are All American cheese and mac addicts. The moon, nearing full, crawled nimbly along the sloping cliff before breaking free to ride the sky. We had a good native wood fire and John produced a bottle of Mexican El Presidente brandy which, he assured us, will make us feel presidential. This pronouncement called forth some comments about the current state of affairs, which we needn't pursue here. The rain fly was up as there had been a few spatters.

The night was uneventful and a somewhat gray morning found Tom at work on

breakfast burritos, scrambled eggs, sausage, and hash browns, the whole enchilada so to speak. Chuck and Sandra took off to explore in their kayaks. Jack had read something about Iceberg Canyon, the next one down, being a unique place with rare plants and such. Steve, Tom, and I motored out to have a look. We found John in his rubber ducky making heavy weather of it. He readily signed on and climbed aboard. At the head of the water the boys ran a short reconnaissance but didn't find anything remarkable.

We found a good spot for lunch and rummaged through the ship's stores in search of something suitable. A can of King Oscar double layer crosspack sardines was the piece de resistance. It cried out for a nice oaky chardonnay but we had to settle for beer. Back at camp I had a cup of tea and some biscotti Michele had traded me for tomatoes. The others went various ways but all were in attendance by 5pm for Jack's "Meatballs with Attitude," his specialty and very good. We had a nice fire and more presidential juice.

Tom and Jack both have elegant kitchen boxes of what appears to be 1/4" five ply birch plywood. They say it is not waterproof but it appears to be great stuff. Everybody else has gone to propane but Steve and I still hover over our old two burner Colemans. As long as one has a spare generator, tools, oils the pump, and has plenty of dry matches they are satisfactory.

Thursday had some early clouds but not suitable for a good sunrise. Kim and Steve headed off with canoe and borrowed kayak to hike up the long dip slope for a view of the Rincon (an abandoned meander) and much of SE Utah. The weather deteriorated with showers and drizzle much of the afternoon.

Relatively comfortable under my cockpit cover and aided by my sous chef Ruby, I prepared the traditional Himmel und Erde. Tom crawled in for a visit and a beer. Alas, the dish was nearly done when the gas ran out but Chuck saved the day with his stove. The apples weren't quite done but everyone was very kind and the pot was cleaned, along with a bowl of sliced tomatoes. A steady drizzle kept the diners under the fly where Oreos and Kahlua served for desert.

It was decidedly dark and dreary and with the rising wind whipping the fly the diners soon repaired to their respective abodes. The events of the night have been reconstructed from my own firsthand experience and the testimony of the survivors.

No sooner had I crawled into the boat than the wind increased exponentially, accompanied by a sound like a passing freight. There came a downpour loaded with hail the size of small marbles. The wind was right aft so the hail hit the deck and ricocheted all around the cabin. Shortly I detected ice water overtopping my sandals. It required some spirited sponging to keep the feet comfortable. There was a great deal of silent lightning at a distance and one unbelievable crash right overhead. Since I and the mast were still intact, it wasn't as close as it sounded.

Things calmed down after 15 minutes or so but I wasn't about to lay out my bag until the all clear sounded. So I sat up reading by the light of my little led for a couple of hours. Like any good cruiser I checked the anchor before turning in. Instead of leading ashore toward where it had been tucked behind a rock, it now tended up and down and my neighbors seemed farther away. A goodly pull produced no movement and the stern line still





Waterfalls almost in camp.



*Nina's* new mainsheet horse.



Clothing indicates widely varying metabolisms.



Duck Chuck with the Texas fleet.



The *Van Gogh* whole boat cover.



Note bag drying and lox tank out of hold.



Willie has to carry his share of gear. too.

Views of "Perfect Harbor."



Heather, a shining example, showing 'em how.



had some tension so I bagged up, thankful for dry bedding and stillness without.

The gray light of morning revealed a sodden scene. The boats were surrounded by a thick layer of organic detritus. The beach had disappeared and become a delta. I couldn't even determine where the anchor had been. A roll call confirmed that no one had been washed away. After a shot of Tom's coffee we were soon regaling one another with our take on the night's storm.

The Leinweber tent didn't leak a drop but there were now fist sized rocks under it. Everyone had tales of woe but Steve doubtless takes the prize, bearing in mind that understatement is not one of his virtues. Immediately upon sensing seepage, he crammed everything into river bags and perched atop them while the torrent coursed beneath his heels. Truly it was a night to remember.

It still dripped a bit but word via the ether was for clearing by noon. With visions of sunlit sailing we set to packing wet gear. Plenty of time to dry stuff later. Kim was first away while Steve struggled with the anchor. The rode was snagged on a limb or something down in our new delta. We found Kim snared by the blandishments of the big boat. They passed us soon after, headed for the main ramp at Bullfrog and were never seen again, but have been in contact via the net so all went well.

For us things went downhill fast. The wind piped up and the rain fell in diluvian torrents. I was in fair shape, wearing nearly everything I had under yellow police style

oilies. The zipper and snaps had long since corroded into uselessness. Steve was in much worse shape with a thin, barely credible parka with drawstrings not long enough to tie. After watching him try it dawned on me that the self steering kit included a large plastic spring clamp which would hold the hood snug.

With his eyes narrowed to slits against the stinging flood and water streaming from his beard, he looked every inch the staunch Gloucesterman bringing the schooner home, except for that new age charm dangling under his chin. Steve had the helm most of the time as he is a licensed engineer and I tend to wander off course. Serves him right. If he hadn't brought the motor we could have been tackling quietly to and fro enjoying the scene.

The scene was indeed lively with waterfalls all around. In this land of cliffs and bare stone any rain translates immediately into falls, plumes, and cascades. Some leap from the cliff tops like Yosemite. Others playfully leap, crash on a ledge below, cascade, and then jump again. From our viewpoint some follow improbable courses, seeming to run uphill at times or run across steep slopes. There was one reminiscent of Waterwheel Falls in the Yosemite high country. In retrospect, they more than repaid our momentary discomfort.

It had been suggested that we check out Lake Canyon for possible camp sites. It's a long sucker and we came within sight of the end without raising anything remotely suitable. In the distance was a two kayak camp on a grassy ledge. Near at hand floated a sanitary facility, evidently washed right out of camp.

Steve was complaining that his fingers weren't working properly. There were no clear signs of irrational behavior although he did comment several times on how the lake water was so warm that it worried me. Hypothermia was a distinct possibility. The rain had eased somewhat so I hauled out the Coleman and, with great care, got it going on the first match. A quart of Commodore Upton's chicken noodle soon brightened our outlook appreciably. You need a proper cruising boat for such amenities.

Lake Canyon failing muster, we took our outbound track, intent on our first camp. It was a welcome sight and the rest of the fleet soon gathered in. By late afternoon it was clearing and things were drying nicely. Steve was in the galley preparing his Idaho style spaghetti. Lounging near the stove I was privy to his culinary secrets. The home dried mushrooms and sun-dried tomatoes were re-hydrated in their storage bags. Olive oil and several pots were employed.

As preparation progressed an idly cast eye descried BBCs on the horizon. Preparations quickened. The clouds came on, seeming to shoulder each other for the lead. Three pounds of thin went into the pot. The troops gathered their bowls and filled their glasses. The BBCs rumbled and boiled. The pasta was al dente. The first drops fell. Dejavu was rampant. Arrgh! Cold spaghetti again. Doubtless there will be heated debate but I am going to propose banning spaghetti.

Well, it turned out to be the dying gasp of the great deluge of "Ought Six." With the fire going, Steve was ransacking the ship in search of Kahlua, I snagged it with a lucky grab and another bottle as well. The second, a bottle of Napoleon... hey did you hear about the explosion in a French kitchen? Nobody hurt but there was linoleum blown apart!... brandy Steve had awarded me some

years ago as prize in a bargee contest.

I don't want to leave the impression that the Kokonauts are given to ardent spirits but the BBCs still stalked the night and something for the nerves was in order. The gang, save Jack, hung around the fire till the first minutes of the new day when the full moon finally won through to light the scene.

The morning dawned bright and clear but the 'Nauts, like beaten dogs at a raised hand, eyed the heavens warily. Jack had gotten away about 4am to savor the joy of dragging the full moon in his wake. Sailing is great but there are always things to keep track of or fiddle with. Rowing is automatic and allows one to concentrate on the world around, not forgetting ahead (behind?). Paddling is perhaps more perfect, but less efficient.

The Duckworks crew also got away early for the run to Texas. The rest of us were very relaxed, except Willie. Someone had left a very large plastic tub at the camp and Willie was joyfully towing the thing all around our little backwater. Finally Steve and I motored off, leaving the Gales to their elaborate packing drill.

It didn't take them long, for after checking Halls Crossing Bay with a short hike we came out to find them rowing and ahead of us. The whole gang was on the oars, including Willie, who had towed that tub the whole way. Analysis of this remarkable feat probably indicates that while towing is more work, it is more than compensated by the visual interest and management challenges. The tub, well loaded, went home in the back of the pickup. I'll be interested to see if it returns next year.

The take out had some challenging mud but was manageable with caution. The potty providers made the obligatory stop at the dump station, a stainless steel hydraulic wonder which shames the whirlpools of antiquity. Thence, it was up the road to Thin Man for the grand finale.

Axon, Hicks, the Gales, and Thayer arrived at Thin Man to find the fire ring heaped with rose bush trimmings! Such an occurrence beggars the imagination since there can't be a rose bush within 40 miles, if there. Steve's spaghetti was married with Jack's meatballs to the advantage of both. We ate it hot and at peace, backed up by Tom's chili verde.

The rose bushes aided by cottonwood scraps touched off a large wine carton which drew forth the thrilling Kokopelli cheer, signaling the end of the season and probably alarming the neighbors.


Come morning there was a steady stream of gravel trucks on the highway and in Hanksville, there was mud in the streets and a large lake in front of the motel. The radio reported road and park closures all over southern Utah.

Back home we had spaghetti for three more meals. Three pounds is a lot of spaghetti. I couldn't help but scan the sky as we ate.

As I compiled this report the weather has been evocative of the Outer Hebrides. Clearly we are in the throes of climate change. Tom is calling for a June Kokopelli. We'll have to keep a close watch on the Powell lake level.

There is indeed a DVD video. A double feature with rare footage of Lake Powell waterfalls as well as the boating scene in Malta. Rush \$18.50 cash, check or money order to: G.M. Boatworks LLC, Soaki Koki Video, 15654 57-1/2 Rd., Collbran, CO 81624.

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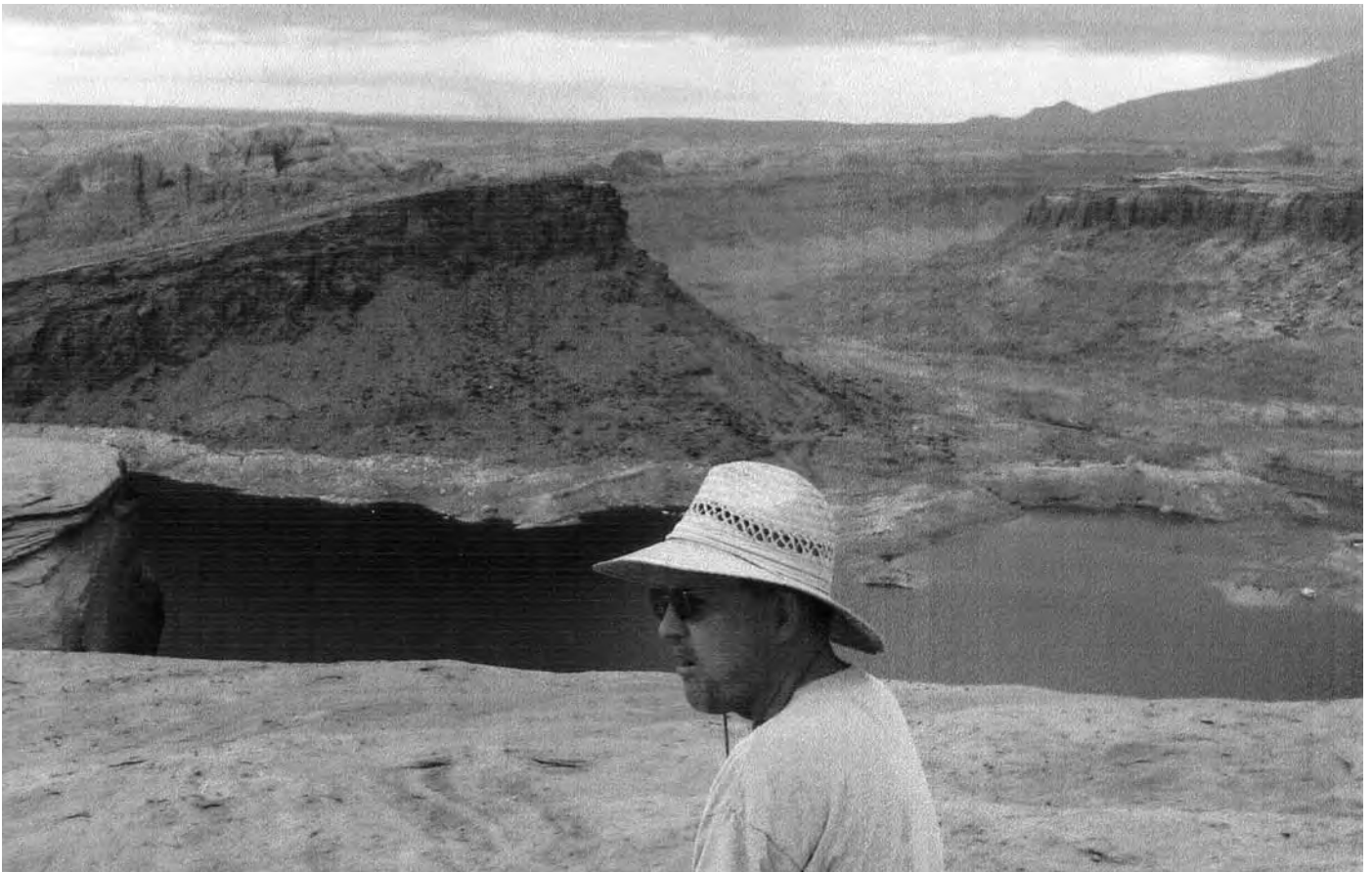


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Kim overlooks The Rincon after easy dip slope hike.



Axon on the helm. Note short-lived island style dress.



Ruby shows proper form.



Tom's kitchen.

Beach work, an important part of Kokopelli.



Troops enjoying the sun. Ruby and Sandra studying under cover.



Unable to tolerate further wasting of beautiful Indian summer weather, I shirked duty and laid plans for a sailing tour of northern Florida's St. George, Little Saint George, and St. Vincent's islands, "The Saints" as the locals call them. These three (of four, Dog Island is last in the chain) serve as barrier islands for the broad point of land that juts out into the Gulf of Mexico about midway down the Florida Panhandle. Cape St. George is the point itself, remote by today's standards and with its fair share of unpredictable weather and sea conditions common to the world's promontories.

Many times I have sailed the inshore side of these islands; that is, Apalachicola Bay and St. Vincent's Sound, as well as the offshore side of Dog Island a couple of times. Sailing the offshore side of the others seemed a natural objective. I drove into Carrabelle, a convenient launching spot on the mainland, early in the afternoon on a Monday. The town is situated on a river that leads out to a pass between Dog Island and St. George Island. Got going much later than expected due to rusty setting up skills and an extremely rambling, one-way conversation with a sailor from the south of England who appeared out of I'm not sure where. I sailed down the river and slowly reached out into the bay as the sun set.

The tide was on the make and the wind dropping, slowing progress to practically nil for a while, but the chop died away to glassy calm and the faint easterly that came along next put the vessel into a steady glide. The moon was just past half and waxing, high overhead. I tied the tiller off and was able to steer by shifting my weight to port or starboard, standing on the thwart. The hushed evening and easy motion were beginning to work their magic, and so to facilitate the process I pulled the cork on a bottle of wine bought at the grocery store in Carrabelle. The cork fooled me (it should have been a screw cap). I did have a bit of fun thinking up Wine Spectator type adjectives such as brash, knuckleheaded, or indeed, silly. Around 9pm, without any trouble, I found a good anchorage behind the eastern tip of St. George.

I set sail at the first hint of rose in the east and was faced with a slow beat back to the pass. I had run much farther into the bight behind St. George than I'd meant to and so didn't clear the end of the island until sunrise; a fog bank arrived simultaneously. Though I was a little worried about the light wind as the first inlet was over 20 miles away, a decent sailing breeze slowly filled in. Thus I was able to run just outside the line of breakers and still have enough visibility to see the goings-on at the water's edge. Beyond the sand dunes was all soaked in. The eastern end of St. George is a state park, and for a long stretch unspoiled nature passed along the starboard rail. Mostly unspoiled. The ascent of mankind was evidenced by a black television washed up on the beach, sitting upright in the normal viewing position, facing the sea.

Having gotten far too much sun in my lifetime, the cool and misty conditions suited me fine and I continued past the state park down the developed part of St. George for mile after mile, making up songs. I used to listen to CDs but gradually evolved into just singing. This might be too much information. Anyway, after finally exhausting that rich mine of verses, "Cold Sea Fog," I pined a bit for fresh material. Just then, a three-legged

## Right Around The Saints

By Walt Donaldson

greyhound dog hopped into view. Well now! That's handsomely provided for, is it not? If the sight of a three-legged greyhound dog doesn't provoke a flood of rhymes in a person, what would?

Made it past the populated part of St. George late in the morning, and at the first inlet things livened up a bit. Sikes Cut is an Army Corps of Engineers project that generates Maine-like (well, almost) tidal velocities. The wind, swell, fog, and current all increased dramatically from one moment to the next. It was good practice for later that day.

Next was Cape St. George. I had tried to go around it before but was beaten back. It was once the site of a prominent lighthouse which fell over in the fall of 2005. In spite of, or perhaps because of, the sea haze and fog, the offshore side of Little St. George presented a wild and weatherbeaten aspect that day. Compounding the effect was a wrecked sailboat about a mile east of the Cape on an even keel just out of reach of the surf, partially buried. She was still wearing her tattered canvas, fluttering dolefully.

Pondering such a mystery I soon arrived at the Cape itself. There was no sign of the toppled lighthouse. Now how could that be? I thought that I might be in for a thrill ride when the boat picked up and started surfing on the large, tide-affected swell there, but the zone of big ones was pretty limited and the wind was only about 15 or so. Fine by me.

Early in the afternoon I reached the second inlet, which lies about four-fifths of the way down the chain of islands. West Pass is practically un-navigable these days, blockaded by an extensive sand shoal that extends a non-intuitive distance offshore, the site of many wrecks. A World War II ship called the *Empire Mica* was making a little sea room here (though much farther offshore, of course) when she was torpedoed by a German U-boat in 1942. The rescuers from Apalachicola went through West Pass in a 32' pleasure craft. Current NOAA charts carry a notice that says, "West Pass Bar Channel is subject to extreme shoaling and is unreliable for navigation." That skipper must have known what he was doing.

The sun came out for a glorious broad reach along St. Vincent's; small whitecaps, wind on the quarter, and the uplifting effect of sunbeams after a long gray spell. I made a big sandwich and got out the binoculars. The Coasties were out, rafted up with a big Federal research ship. I wonder what they were up to. Feeling smug about completing the long run down the offshore side of all three islands, I began scanning Indian Pass, the final inlet. As expected, the easterly swell was crashing onto a bar on the island side that guards a swash channel along the mainland side. (St. Vincent's western shoulder nearly touches the mainland. If you have the internet program Google Earth, the satellite image shows it clearly.)

But the breakers didn't appear to end at the tip of the bar and I soon found out why. The surf missing the bar was breaking on the beach and I was not able to distinguish the two from my upwind position. Also, the dunes on the mainland were deflecting the

wind several points northerly. Thus the channel was aligned dead upwind between two sets of breakers. Oh, brother. I hove to and donned "combat" gear, wetsuit, hood, flippers in the cockpit, tied everything down, set the sail flat, and began short-tacking through the gap. What saved the day was having plenty of wind, but not too much, and the water was fairly calm. The surf on the bar was bleeding off energy from the waves.

I made it inside in around half an hour when the wind picked up substantially. I'm glad it waited. Spent the rest of the afternoon bashing to weather down the bay side of the island and started hunting an anchorage at sunset. Finding restful anchorages is tricky sometimes in a flat bottomed sharpie. In my boat at least, if the water is much over 3' deep (unless it's calm), the bow slapping on chop makes quite a variety of unrestful noises. But if, in search of shallows, one anchors too close to the beach in temperatures above 60 degrees or so, look out. Rude insect guests will crash your party.

Parts of St. Vincent's Sound are mud and my larger anchor (of two, using the Bahamian Moor) balked several times for some reason. Which doesn't make sense as they are both the same kind. I finally just got overboard and buried the damn thing using my feet. The boat ended up in a prime spot though, well out into the bay in the lee of the so-called Dry Bar, an impressive oyster reef and ground zero of the Apalachicola oyster fishery. Being quite a fan of them, I hustled around, in the dusk to harvest enough for dinner.

At first light two oystermen pulled up a couple hundred feet away and heaved over their "anchor" (usually an old crankshaft from a V8 automobile, maybe I should get one of those). Using tongs on wooden poles, they had the day's first oysters clattering onto a cuffing board before their wake had time to settle. This was before sunrise, tough people.

The wind was predicted to veer more southerly but didn't, remaining obstinately in the east. St. Vincent's Sound runs east-west so I spent the morning tacking out of it. Cleared the big oyster reef at the eastern end of the island around noon and reached out into Apalachicola Bay proper.

The bow was pointing somewhat east of the back side of Cape St. George, suggesting that I ease over there, trek across the island, and check out that sailboat wreck seen on the outbound leg. Taking a guess at the correct longitude, I anchored near the bay side beach, packed up binoculars and some water, and took off walking through the thick pine woods, which I found to be strikingly dissimilar to the mainland. The palmettos were extra large and positively thriving, reared up into impenetrable thickets. Several unusual kinds of tall grasses added to the general profusion, some with fluffy white seeds that set sail at the slightest disturbance.

Though somewhat uncommon in mainland pine woods, poison ivy was there, too, fortunately wearing her fall colors and therefore easy to avoid. Less easy were the smilax briars, sputnik-like prickly pears, boggy marshes, and so on. You know, Florida.

The sound of surf gradually grew distinct and soon I was climbing a tall dune for reconnaissance. Visibility was highly variable but I was pretty sure that I could distinguish a vertical line at the edge of the surf about a half mile east. It vanished in the haze but a ten-minute walk confirmed its existence. The boat, a weekend racer type around

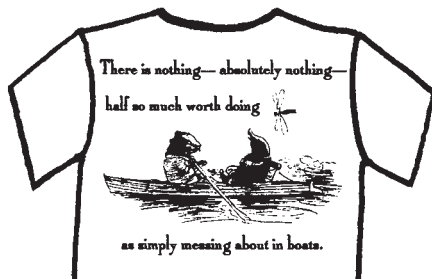


22', hadn't been there long, there wasn't a barnacle on it. The cockpit and down below were full of sand and water was washing in through the cabin windows, which were missing, as were the forehatch and companionway. Her four winches and other deck gear were all there. I found a big gash in the rim of the cockpit but nothing else really to indicate the cause of her fate.

Slightly "creeped out" and wet anyway from the investigation, I jumped into the surf for a swim, shivered on the beach for a while, and then headed back, feeling much better. Skirted the thick woods this time by walking through a needle grass marsh. Detouring around the end of a small bayou, I blundered upon a large gator sunning on a mudbank, we both thrashed wildly. Back at the boat I washed the salt off and spent the rest of the afternoon tacking upwind in calm water over grass flats in the lee of the island. No shortage of anchorages here, 2' of water, piebald white sand, and seagrass bottom bugless. I sent a small prayer to the wind gods for a direction shift and turned in early.

A small prayer sent, a small shift is what I got. Nevertheless, I could point to within about 15 degrees of Carrabelle, some 25 miles away, good enough. Got to work and the fog came back at sunrise. The direction in which I was heading was boxed in by two causeways so I simply sailed upwind until I could identify one of them. This was late in the morning and the fog cleared just in time for a bit of "personal growth" going through the bridge; that is, foul tide, fluky wind, do-or-die tacks, and such. I hadn't seen another boat all day but naturally one was there to share the moment.

The wind went light after the bridge but I was able to keep the boat moving by falling off a tad and heeling her over by piling myself and some heavy gear on the lee side, which decreases wetted surface I suppose. The chine splits the chop, too. I learned this from watching a kid sail an Optimist pram. On a tack back toward St. George I sailed near Hem 'Em Up Creek, Robb White's favorite mullet fishing place, and silently paid my respects to him. The next tack or so allowed a course for the mouth of the Carrabelle River. At the entrance it was slack low water and the wind was fair for the final stretch up to the ramp.



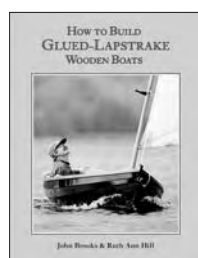
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I didn't have a camera this trip, but here is a picture of my boat, a New Haven sharpie designed by Reuel Parker, sails by Dabbler. (Larry Page photograph)

**Epilogue:** At the ramp I could (mostly) overhear a conversation between a real estate developer and a contractor who specialized, as far as I could tell, in marine transportation and demolition. He uses a WWII landing craft to do work out on the islands and had a

Brooklyn accent and a puppy. I am nearly certain that I heard him say that he moved the pieces of the toppled lighthouse (mentioned in the story) to storage on the mainland pending the raising of funds so that it might be rebuilt someday.



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The Georgia Coast is a wonderful place to cruise with a small open boat. One can spend most of one's time in undeveloped conservation lands. Although the only one of these islands one can freely camp on is Little Tybee, sleeping in a shallow draft boat gives one excellent access. Several islands offer day-long hiking on wilderness trails; Wassaw, Blackbeard, and Cumberland. Regardless of the wind conditions one can usually have a good time on the Georgia Coast because the marsh creeks and sounds are sheltered. If it's too stormy for sailing, beach the boat and go hiking. For safety, the Intracoastal Waterway is nearby but isn't necessary to use it because there are plenty of other waterways next to it.

It's cool at night from November through March which helps keep the insects down. When the weather is pleasant, sand gnats may be the biggest problem if one stops moving. The best adaptation is to have a large tent of no-see-um netting that completely covers the boat and is high enough to walk around under. Insect repellent is not enough for me to be comfortable around the Georgia coast gnats.

Everything is near Interstate 95 which makes the driving easy. If one doesn't feel like camping or doesn't intend to camp out, motels near launch places away from Savannah by the I-95 exits are inexpensive, often less than \$40 a night.

Fishing is good for those who know what they are doing. However, crabbing is easy and productive and there are lots of shrimp if one knows how to throw a cast net.

What follows is an excerpt from my journal of 2002. I made a map to accompany this trip report which is at the end of this article.

### Sea Pearl Trip on the Georgia Coast

From Monday, March 11 to Monday March 18, 2002, David Wicks and I traveled by small open boat from Cumberland Island, Georgia, near the Florida border, to my home on Wilmington Island, Georgia, near the South Carolina border. Our vessel was my Sea Pearl, a 21' long, two-masted cat ketch with oars and a 3.5hp outboard motor. We carried all of our food, water, and gas with us for a week since our route was mainly through conservation lands without stores or marinas. Since camping was generally not allowed along our route, we planned to sleep on the boat every night. However, since inland hiking is permitted on several of the large wilderness islands along the coast and hiking up to the high tide line is allowed on most of the others, our goal was to beach the boat along the way and take long walks on the uninhabited islands.

Although March is often a stormy month here, fair weather was predicted for the week and that meant winds would likely be from the south. On Monday morning my wife, Caren, drove us south on I-95 some 80 miles and launched us at a ramp on Blythe Island Recreational Park on the South Brunswick River, near Brunswick, Georgia. We choose this put-in because it was only a few miles from I-95 and it gave access to a small creek that led into the Little Satilla River which we could follow to the Alternate Intracoastal Waterway, which we could take to Cumberland Island on the coast.

We launched at 11am with the masts down since we would soon be passing under a low bridge. We planned to travel by the

## Cruising the Georgia Coast by Small Open Boat

By Daniel Lockwood

motor since low tide was at about 12n which meant that a two to three knot current would soon be against us. Rivers in this area actually are estuaries, whose six to eight foot tides create considerable currents. We also had the wind against us and we were eager to get to Cumberland Island, which was some 25 miles away, by Tuesday morning.

Soon we passed through the creek and were heading down the Little Satilla River. There were waterfront houses along the creek and a few on the Little Satilla River, but they soon gave way to a wilderness of salt water marsh that we were to be in for our trip. We were to see very few other houses until we returned home eight days later.

Our first mishap occurred that afternoon. We went over to a sand spit to beach the boat and walk a wooded bluff to stretch our legs. I reached out my hand to push the boat off some branches from a downed eroded tree and cut myself deeply on oyster shells clustered on the branch. I also got about ten deep scratches on the same hand. They took about two weeks to heal. No rowing for me on this trip! I should have known better because I live on this coast where oyster shells are a hazard, and I was once cut severely on the side of my foot stepping out of my canoe wearing sandals. But my left hand? On a tree branch?

The day grew windy and as we began to approach the sea the waters became choppy wherever they opened up enough to create enough fetch. However, when we entered the "Alternate Waterway" by Umbrella Cut there was a sheltered winding creek over to the Satilla River. By about 5pm we emerged out into the wide mouth of the Satilla River to begin the three-mile sail over to Floyd Cut where the Alternate Waterway continued through a network of sheltered creeks. With 20kt winds and ocean swells coming in from St. Andrew Sound it was a wild exciting ride across. The wave height seemed to be about 5'-6' in places and in the bow of the forward cockpit I got quite wet. However, little water came into the Sea Pearl and it rose up to go over most of the waves.

We made the crossing all right, but with little time before it got dark we couldn't find Floyd Cut on the other side. Since it is on the Alternate Waterway, it is marked by a green light. We also had two GPS units, a wonderful cruising guide, and several charts of different scales. We still couldn't find it and didn't know if we should go east or west along the shore. Like Jack London who, in his *Cruise of the Snark*, writes about leaving San Francisco to sail to Hawaii, not knowing navigation but bringing a sextant, an almanac, and a book of instructions, David brought the GPS he had just purchased but hadn't yet learned how to use. So we went east and then we went west and finally found Floyd's Cut, and then Floyd's Basin, where we anchored for our first night, just as it was getting dark. Jack London made it to Hawaii learning navigation as he went along, as you can read about in his book.

We ate cold food and went to sleep early since we had been up most of the previous night preparing for the trip. I was wet, cold, and tired, in no mood to even fire up the Coleman Peak One backpacker stove in the darkness and heat up some cans of food. Also, Dave declared after a brief search, that we had left the camp stove and pots home. We easily reconciled ourselves to cold food, rationalizing how easy life had become without having to cook or clean up. While the next morning Dave at first complained about cold instant coffee, these complaints stopped quickly when I added some rum to the coffee. In fact, none of the food we brought had to be cooked. Sailing and navigating (such as it was) took a lot of time and energy and avoiding the camp kitchen did save a lot of time.

On Tuesday we went through Floyd Creek, crossed the Cumberland River, and went up the Brickhill River to beach the boat near the Brickhill Camp site on Cumberland Island at about 11am. We were now on the trail network of Cumberland Island. That afternoon we hiked across the island to the beach, walked north a few miles, went back across the island, and then south back to our boat. Other than some small groups on the beach, we saw few people. The trails were beautiful.

Our second big mishap, "The Night of the Big Tilt," occurred that night. As the boat floated up on the tide, we moved into a nearby creek to spend the night. Then, as we settled down, we listened to the weather radio. We were shocked to hear of tornado warnings for our area that evening. With the tide high, we moved the boat into a narrower creek nearby, about 10' wide, reasoning that the surrounding marsh would protect us from high winds and waves. We anchored the boat fore and aft. That was a mistake.

That night, as we slept and the tide went out, the stern of the boat became lodged up in mud at the high tide line and the bow went down in the mud to the low tide line as the tide let out. The big 35 degree tilt woke us up as we slid forward in our sleep. Outside, at low tide, it was very dark and windy. The bow was buried in the mud. There was not much we could do except try to get comfortable in that awkward position. I had trouble getting back to sleep, not only because of the slope but also because of the worry that the tide would come in and flood the boat before the bow was able to rise up. However, tired from the long hike, I eventually fell asleep and woke up to find the boat floating on the surface of the high tide again. No more narrow creeks for us!

Wednesday morning we beached the boat with the high tide at 7am so we could go hiking for the day. Now we had a full 12 hours to hike on the island, knowing that we could float off at 7:30pm that night. We went south to the restored Carnegie Mansion, then across the island, up along the ocean shore, and back across the island to where we had beached the boat. We got back late that afternoon, after hiking about 12 miles.

Without much looking, I found the stove and pots stowed away below deck. On the ground next to the boat I heated up a large can of Beefaroni with a can of beans added. After we ate the tide came up all the way, the boat floated, and we took it out into a wide creek for the night.

Thursday was perfect to make some distance north. We had the tide going out north toward St. Andrews Sound and a steady wind



not over 15kts was predicted to come from the southeast. We wanted to avoid the next three islands which are heavily developed, Jekyll Island, St. Simons Island, and Little St. Simons Island. We decided then to go offshore several miles and then go north as far as we could that day. We had to go well out to avoid the breakers caused by ocean swells that hit the shoals closer to shore that were built by the deposition from the Altamaha River.

It was a magnificent day running before the wind three miles offshore at a speed of between 4 and 6 kts. That day we sailed close to 55 miles, the longest distance we had ever gone in one day in the Sea Pearl. Thanks to this one long distance day we could afford to amble along for the rest of the trip. This day was also in our thoughts when we first decided to enter the Everglades Challenge with our Sea Pearl in 2004, for on this day we understood the ease and joy of long distance, open boat sailing offshore.

Leaving the three developed islands behind, we came back in to land at Altamaha Sound and got in between two little islands behind Egg Island. Here we anchored and spent the night. These undeveloped islands at the mouth of the Altamaha River are federal bird sanctuaries so well protected that it is illegal to even set foot on them. It is a beautiful wilderness area of vast shallow waters, perfect for the slight, 6" draft of the Sea Pearl. Even so, we ran aground coming in and had to wait for the rising tide to float us off.

Friday we aimed to get to Cabretta Wet, a narrow inlet opening on the beach to the open ocean. It forms the boundary between Sapelo Island and Blackbeard Island. While Sapelo Island is restricted, Blackbeard Island is a National Wildlife Refuge with hiking trails that the public are allowed on. The only access, however, is by private boat.

This day, with the wind again from the south, we sailed north on the Intracoastal Waterway. This was very relaxing, just sailing from navigation marker to navigation marker. It was a two-mile crossing over the calm waters of Altamaha Sound and then north on Little Mud River along the western side of Wolf Island National Wildlife Refuge and Wilderness Area. Then we headed due east for six miles toward the open ocean again. After a nice walk on a sand bar at DoBoy Sound, we again headed north offshore in the open ocean for seven miles until we came into Cabretta Inlet just as it was getting dark. By this time we were getting good with the GPS and we found the tiny inlet easily. There was one other boat there for the night, the first we had anchored nearby since we started.

Saturday morning we anchored the boat in deep water close to shore, climbed a bluff, and explored Blackbeard Island. It is uninhabited except for the ranger's house and has wonderful forest trails and a seven-mile long beach. On that long, four-hour hike that morning the only people we saw on the trails were the ranger and her visitors. However, when we got back to Cabretta Inlet it was crowded with several boats, being a beautiful Saturday afternoon.

With the wind at our back most of the way, we decided to sail north along the narrow twisting Blackbeard Creek to Sapelo Sound. Even though about ten powerboats had to make their way around us along the way, it was a great pleasure to sail along that long seven miles of uninhabited wilderness creek with Sapelo on one side and

Blackbeard on the other. We then sailed very quickly across the six miles of Sapelo Sound where we picked up again the navigational markers of the Intracoastal. The wind was strong from the south and we ran at hull speed before the wind.

Thinking that all we had to do was sail from marker to marker we were lulled to inattention and didn't look at the charts or the GPS. But I missed the markers for the Intracoastal and inadvertently began to follow a series of markers for a channel on the South Newport River, which also ran in a northerly direction. We sailed seven miles out of our way before realizing our mistake and had to motor back for an hour into the wind to get back on the Intracoastal. But it sure was a wonderful sail!

We spent the night in Cattle Pen Creek which is off the Intracoastal and leads into St. Catherine's Island. The mosquitoes and sand gnats were terrible. The insect repellent didn't work well and the sand gnats came in through the cabin netting. We put on our head nets and zipped the doors shut. Thinking of this night, for our long trip the next year on the South Carolina coast I made a huge tent of no-see-um netting that hung between the two masts of our open ketch, above our heads, even while standing on the deck.

On Sunday morning, to avoid the insects, we motored up the Intracoastal at dawn where we unfurled the sails at St. Catherine's Island and sailed across to the beach at Ossabaw Island. Here the ocean breeze blew the insects away and for the first time we brewed some real coffee on the camp stove set up on the beach. While it is forbidden to hike the interior of Ossabaw Island, anyone can walk along the shore to the high tide line. We took a long walk along the beach.

With a few hours of light left we again headed offshore several miles in order to avoid the shoals as we went north to spend the night at Bradley Point on the northern end of Ossabaw Island. Using the GPS we found the buoy marking the channel and then followed the markers leading us back in to the shelter of Bradley Point. Here we spent a beautiful bug-free night anchored in a bit of open water off the point.

Monday was our last day. Dave had to catch a plane back home to Louisville, Kentucky, and I had to be at work that evening. Still, we didn't rush and again sailed northeast, following the Intracoastal. Only as we got closer to the city did we turn on the motor. We left the Intracoastal at Turner Creek. I jumped out on the dock at Sail Harbor Marina, on Wilmington Island, and walked home in 20 minutes. Then I drove my car and the trailer to pick up Dave and the boat at the ramp under the bridge going to Whitmarsh Island.

Our trip was over but not our Sea Pearl adventures. Building on this experience, we took a week-long trip on the South Carolina coast in March of 2003, and in March of 2004 and 2006, in the Sea Pearl, we completed the Everglades Challenge, a 300-mile adventure expedition race from Tampa, Florida, to Key Largo. We are grateful to the Georgia coast for gently preparing us for the joys of these challenges.

Here are some sources of more information:

**Access:** The best map showing boat ramps and marinas is *Georgia Angler's Guide to Saltwater Fishing Access Sites*. Free from the Georgia Department of Natural

Resources, Coastal Resources Division, 1 Conservation Way, Suite 300, Brunswick, GA 31520-8687, (912) 264-7218. [www.dnr.state.ga.us/dnr/coastal](http://www.dnr.state.ga.us/dnr/coastal). Be sure to anticipate if an access point has a ramp or a hoist. Many marinas have hoists only, which you may want to be prepared to use.

**Charts:** Cheap waterproof charts with boat ramps marked on them are available from the Georgia Department of Natural Resources (only \$2 each). These are individual charts for each coastal county in a series called *Guide to Coastal Fishing in Georgia*. Get these from the University of Georgia, Marine Extension Station, P.O. Box Z, Brunswick, GA 31523 or <http://www.uga.edu/marine-advisory/maps.html>. You must request a chart for each county.

**Cruising Guides:** The best cruising guide (it also has charts) is *The Georgia Coast, Waterways and Islands*, Zydler, Nancy Schwalbe and Zydler, Tom, Seaworthy Publications, Port Washington (WI), 2001. This book is wonderful. It covers most of the sounds, rivers, and creeks between the ocean and Interstate 95. You could practically do a trip just with this book because it contains "chartlets" for the entire area from the ocean inland about 12 miles and up the major rivers for many miles. These chartlets are all the actual navigation charts for the coastal area displayed as many single pages in the book. The chartlets have the numbers of all the navigational aids you will be passing. The authors researched much of the book by anchoring their boat and exploring by dinghy, so much of the advice is appropriate for small, shallow draft boats. This guide also has the rules for the conservation areas and even trail maps of the islands good for hiking.

**General Travel Guide:** The best one is *Longstreet Highroad Guide to the Georgia Coast & Okefenokee*, Lenz, Richard J. Longstreet, Atlanta (GA), 1999. It contains the most in-depth descriptions of the coastal conservation lands you will be passing through.

**History:** *Travels of William Bartram*, Bartram, William, Dover Publications, Inc., New York, 1955. First person account written in the 1760s. In print.

*Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-1839*, Kemble, Frances Anne, Beehive Press, Savannah (GA), 1992. First-person account of life on a cotton and rice plantation on the coast. In print.

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## Scouting the French River

We tried to sleep on the bus as we rode the 500 miles north in a driving rain. At 5am Saturday morning the weekly contingent of nearly 50 Boy Scouts and adults piled out at the Hungry Bear wayside along the lower French River of Canada and it was still raining. Our crew of three dads and eight Scouts were one of four crews eagerly anticipating a great high adventure week of canoeing and camping on the French River delta.

A breakfast stop had been pre-arranged by the local Scout Council as part of our trip. It was the standard bacon, eggs, and toast all around, and hot coffee as we tried to face the gloomy day. Scouts are not very discriminating when it comes to food at 5am. It could have been almost anything but this was hot and filling and what we needed at that early hour.

Less than an hour later we arrived at the marina in Hartley Bay. The marina, which is all there is of Hartley Bay, is where we transferred to the water taxi for the final leg of our trip to the remote Scout Base deep in the French River delta. The base is an old fishing lodge that had been donated to the Boy Scouts. It was to be our home base for a week of wilderness canoeing. My older son and I had come for a wilderness experience together and were eager to get started.

I was led to believe, at least initially, that I was the leader of our crew. A guide hired by the scout base was added to our crew of three dads and eight scouts. This was the prescribed crew size so that we and our gear neatly fit into six two-man canoes. I soon found that an immature 17-year-old kid with a little past experience paddling the French was to be our guide and he was the boss. We were to do what he said at all times, but of course the outcome and the consequences were the responsibility of the adults. My responsibility, as it turned out. The other two dads had come for a fishing vacation, not to keep track of the actions of eight Boy Scouts, not even their own sons.

By 8am we all had arrived at the base, stowed our gear, changed, and stood shivering on the dock in our swimsuits. If we did not pass the swim test we were to wear a collar-type life vest at all times all week, quite uncomfortable in the August heat. The task was to swim out about 100 yards and return, then float motionless for a minute. Even in August the water of the French River seemed close to ice water. Add to that the early morning and the overcast sky and it was clear none of us was ready.

I was a good swimmer but I had never learned to float. By the end of my 200 yards I somehow knew how. I had to know for I wanted this over with. Most of us passed the swim test and after a brief lesson on how to paddle a canoe we proceeded to load the canoes. Aluminum canoes, because of the way they are manufactured, are not well-shaped for paddling. These canoes seemed worse than most and all of them had several patches of silicone rubber caulking. Finally we were issued a fresh tube of caulk per boat and were on our way.

Things went well for the rest of the morning. There was not much wind and the sky had cleared. Then our guide commanded that we stop for lunch on a trash-laden point of land. All manner of people use the delta for fishing, sometimes for extended periods of camping, and the carry-in-carry-out idea just never seemed to take hold. Of course, being Scouts, we were to clean it up before

we left. We took everything but the old stove, since no one could lift it, and each canoe got a trash bag of garbage to lug along all week. This was not the way I expected our trip to the pristine Canadian wilderness to unfold and we had only just begun.

Our first campsite was at Crombie Bay on the western edge of the river delta and it was good. I found that I was to be awarded the second choice of tent site, after the guide, of course. This was a major benefit because this is Canadian Shield country, all sharp rocks and most of it sloping. A thin foam pad does not soften the rocks and it is rare to find a fairly level mossy bed such as I had that night.

We unloaded the canoes and began to set up camp and prepare our freeze-dried dinner. One of the 17-year-old Scouts from our troop had a rather bulky looking pack. As he got ready to make camp for the night I saw him pull out a large boom box from his pack and start to play "music." No spare clothes, no personal items, nothing but the boom box. Soon the batteries wore out, fortunately, and there he was with a heavy useless thing to carry for the rest of the week. I saw it as a small bit of justice.

With dinner over and dishes done, I walked alone out to a point of land to enjoy the evening and consider what I had gotten into. I was out of sight of everyone and glad of it. Soon the mosquitoes found me and as I returned I noticed there were no canoes on the shore where we had pulled them up. There were no Scouts either and the other adults were off fishing. Now I was really alone. Marooned might be a better word, except that all the food and equipment was still here. Where were the boys?

From across the bay I heard some excitement. They were all there and so were the canoes. The Scouts and our guide were diving into the water from cliffs about 20' high and I had no way to get to them if something should happen. Some leader. The situation was totally out of my control. Fortunately there were no mishaps. Eventually all came back to camp and we had a serious talk about how that would not happen again. From here on no one would leave camp without notifying me.

The next morning we packed up and headed down the delta channel known as the Mad River. The name was very appropriate with its twists and turns and occasional rapids. I soon got over the problems of the day before, however, and just enjoyed the paddling and the scenery. Before long our guide had his map out. There was supposed to be an opening just big enough to float a canoe through at one point where there was now only a low place in the rock. Apparently the water was low so our guide was reduced to actually taking a look at the map.

We made a small detour and around noon we found our way to Lily Chutes. This is a small rapid with a side channel that has been polished smooth by water over eons of time, turning it into a perfect water slide. We portaged the canoes and packs to the lower side of the rapids, then ate lunch and spent most of the warm afternoon swimming and relaxing in the sun. Time after time we would start at the top of the chute and ride the water far out into the pool at the base of the rapids.

This was more like what I had hoped for on this trip.

Back in our canoes we headed on down the river looking for a place to camp for the night. Eventually we found a spot that was relatively level but with a difficult, rocky landing. Right near the water was a huge rock big enough to set a tent on, which is just what two of the older boys did.

There was a lot of low brush and loose rock at this site. We knew that if we were to walk anywhere we would need to watch carefully for the small but deadly Mississauga rattlesnakes, so we shook the bushes ahead of us with a stick everywhere we went. Fortunately we found no snakes and we slept well that night.

Soon after we departed in the morning we encountered another crew that was planning to camp where we had the night before and spend the rest of the day there. We saw them later in the week at base camp and were told that as they landed at the site soon after we had left there was a 5' rattler sunning himself on the large rock where the tent had been the night before. Our guide was unhappy about that. He had missed an opportunity for rattlesnake soup.

Before noon we were at the mouth of the Mad River where it empties into Georgian Bay. Our itinerary called for us to paddle to the Bustard Islands, five miles out into the Bay. This time I became the boss for the wind was strong and the waves high. Our guide soon agreed that it probably was not safe so we did our best to paddle across the wind along the shore to Sand Point.

The scenery is ever changing in the French River delta and here we had yet another beautiful vista of broad water dotted with tiny, rocky islands. Many of the islands were nothing but one large rock with an occasional plant or tree finding a foothold in the cracks. Sand Point had no sand, of course, but rather consisted of several points of rock jutting into the bay.

We now had a little extra time and greatly enjoyed the luxury. Most of us had brought at least one "Stir 'n Frost" cake in our packs and we chose to prepare all of them, along with the remainder of our fresh food for dinner that night. After eight weeks of eating the same menu of freeze-dried food each week the guide was grateful. The weather was good, the camping was easy, and a fine feast of fresh fish and vegetables topped off with cake for dessert was what we needed about then. We did not regret eliminating the Bustard Islands. It would have been a tough, dangerous paddle both ways.

A little further along the bay shore in the morning and it was time to head inland again, over land and up hill. Fortunately we did not have to carry our canoes far for someone had built a small marine railway, one small car on a track leading up the hill. We put each canoe and all our equipment on it over several trips and we were once again paddling, this time upstream. The next day, after an uneventful overnight along the way, we arrived at a nice campsite on the shore of a small cove of Bass Lake. We set up camp and decided to have a layover day. It was a well-protected lake where we could swim, fish, and just loaf for a while.

Our guide was due to leave us the following day, returning to base by himself to help in preparations to wrap up the week. I was not sad to see him go. We had saved one of the best (a relative term) freeze-dried meals



for the final night, but in taking inventory we found that it was not there. The guide and our two 17-year-old Scouts had helped themselves to an additional meal without our knowing, the best one of course, as a snack early in the week. We would be out of food soon.

So my son paddled back with the guide and the two soon returned by motorboat to our group with an additional meal. Then the guide was gone and we would not see him again. This was the last week of the Scout camping season and all that was left in stock at the base then was Swedish meatballs. This was possibly the worst freeze-dried meal available but we ate it for a second time that week.

The time at Bass Lake, however, was good. The site was protected from the wind and more level with easier access to the water. In a way, the water access was too easy. The preferred method of washing dishes here was to wash in soapy water, then pad-

dle well out into the lake and rinse them off the side of the canoe, flipping water in the air in the process. It made washing dishes more fun but not very environmentally sound and we lost a few plates and cups in the process.

While others were out fishing my son and I fashioned a sail from a poncho and two branches and sailed our canoe all around the lake. We simply were not good at fishing so had given that up well before then. Generally I sat in the back and used a paddle for a rudder while he held the lower corners of the sail. Next day, on our way up the river back toward base camp, the wind was strong and with us. We got the sail (poncho) out again and had an easy time of it for a ways. This time he held the rudder and I attached loops to the lower corners of the poncho which I held with my big toes. We flew up the river.

The last night we stayed in the lodge at base camp, wishing we were still out in the

open delta. A shower and the dinner of fresh food helped to compensate. Next day we took the water taxi to Hartley Bay, boarded the bus, and headed home through Saturday traffic in Toronto and Buffalo.

That was not the first I had seen of the Canadian wilderness North Country. Two consecutive years when I was in my teens our Scout troop camped on an island in Temiscaming Lake north of North Bay, Ontario. My dad went along and that trip was just as great as this one. It was mostly a fishing trip based in one camp location for the entire time and we used outboard motor power most of the time.

This canoe trip was different and I knew I would be back for more, though it might not be to French River. In fact, I have been back to the Canadian North, with my wife a dozen times, at parks north of French River. We have even eaten again at the Hungry Bear.

A chilly dawn greeted the racers at the beginning of the General Clinton Regatta at Cooperstown, New York. As the paddlers moved to the start line a gentle breeze fluttered both the American and Canadian flags. The paddlers had come mostly from New York and the Great Lakes areas, but also from as far as Canada, California, and Florida.

The starter's pistol barked and the racers were off and paddling out into the mists of Lake Otsego toward the marker boat and then back around toward the first portage and into the Susquehanna River.

Then came the dreaded six-mile section called "The Swamp," the section racers love to complain about. "The Swamp" is a winding, twisting section of water with lots of overhanging trees and a few strainers. There's cursing and grunting in English as well as French (don't know how they grunt in French, but they do). There are flipped canoes, cracked canoes, and sidelined kayaks in the maddening bottlenecks. In places the river narrows to 15'.

Emerging from "The Swamp" the river widens out into sections with 4' banks. After a few miles the river enters another flatwater section called "Goodyear Lake," a three-mile section of calm flatwater. Then comes the second portage. The racers are treated to a 400-yard trot up a wet rocky trail with bottlenecks and then back into the river.

From that point the river drops steeply into a one-mile section of challenging white water with overhanging trees and an obstacle

## Running the General Clinton Regatta

By Stephen Hudson and Neal Sanders

course around a 12' stump. Then the river runs placid for several miles.

Throughout its course the race winds past several towns with pleasing Indian names such as Oneonta, Otego, and Unadilla, all reminders of Colonial Indian times when the Iroquois Indians roamed the waters in bark canoes.

In some places it seemed as if the whole town had emptied out onto the river banks to watch the race and cheer the racers on. I was amazed to see the degree of support that the locals gave the race. One local radio station, WCDO FM, set up a mobile broadcast on two separate days to do live coverage and interviews with the racers and spectators.

Also along the banks, bridges, and public landings were countless pit crews with outstretched arms holding containers of some of the most awful looking go-go juice you'll ever see in a full spectrum of rainbow colors that Mother Nature never intended. But then, 70 miles is a long way to go on empty.

After that there are only two major obstacles on the river. First is the 100-yard portage at the Southside Dam at Oneonta. Then several miles downstream there is the

last hard place, a pleasant green hell lovingly called "Green Acres." It is a maze of channels that change at different water levels. Getting in the right slot requires scouting the river a day ahead, but still the route I chose had some sharp turns and a boat-eating log that spun me backwards. Agh! This isn't your ordinary run of the mill event!

Out from there it is a four-mile sprint to the finish at Bainbridge. A mile out from the line I can hear the announcer calling out the names and hometowns of each racer. At the floating dock the exhausted racers fall out of their boats onto the deck where an army of eager hands help them as they stumble up the muddy banks looking much like drunken Navy men coming off fleet liberty. From there they stagger over to the hot showers and marinade themselves in the first clean water they've seen in hours. Slightly refreshed, they shuffle onto the dining hall for a heroic barbecue chicken dinner complete with trimmings.

Then for some it's time to start thinking about next year's race. For others it's just a warm up for the two-day Ausable race.

The General Clinton Regatta is held each year during Memorial Day weekend, Friday through Monday. It is a series of short races held over a four-day period that culminates on the last day with a 70-mile race which contains several different classes. For more information on this event contact: Canoeregatta@hotmail.com, www.camppaddle.com, www.bainbridgechamberly.org/events.htm).



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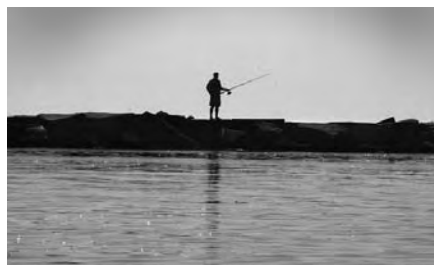
Heading north, beyond the Highbank Bridge the river becomes quieter and time seems to reverse.

## Rowing to the Head of the Mighty Bass River

Text and Photos by Barry A. Donahue

The voyage started with a splash, literally. Twenty years of pushing this boat off the trailer was never, ever a problem. Well, there was that one time the boat went off the trailer without her plugs in, but that was remedied quickly. This time, as I started to push I had a notion to let the stroke oar know that the Bass River ramp in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, was a bit slippery. And as that thought crossed my mind, my feet went out from under me and down I went into about a half foot of water.

Let's just say I was glad it wasn't February. Rather, it was a perfect autumn morning at the mouth of Bass River with a rising tide that greeted and aided us as we pulled away into the current running north. We floated with barely a pull on the oars past a lone fisherman casting from the breakwater on the Dennis side, heading upstream with many a head swivel to make sure we didn't hit any of the moored boats.



Waiting for the fish. A fisherman stands alone on the Dennis breakwater at the mouth of the Bass River hoping for a hit.

As we passed Bass River Marine we crossed courses with a pair of kayakers. The paddlers turned out to be a skin-on-frame kayak builder from Dennis, Bill Lowe, and daughter Katie Tudor visiting her dad from her new home in Dubai. A former summer

kid, Katie's insight as we moved along proved very apt and echoed as the day unfolded. Bass River, she said, "was just so different, from north to south."



Eyes port and starboard. Daughter Katie Tudor and kayak builder and dad Bill Lowe paddle a pair of skin on frame vessels down the Dennis side of the river south of Rt. 28.

We continued north, passing under the first of five bridges. Beneath Route 28 a sudden quiet came on, the sound of traffic above muffled by concrete, a secret pleasure for the ears. We pulled across the cove and stopped, drifting near Bass River Golf Course. As the stroke oar and I sipped our water, golfers seemed oblivious to the wooden boat floating past.

Around the next bend there was what we aboard the *Mary B. II* christened "Revetment Village." A good stretch of shore was solid concrete on the Yarmouth side and not very pretty. In the open water to the east a powerboat pulled a water skier in circles. As a downhill skier, and fan of muscle and wind on the water, I bit my tongue as we headed north and under the bridge at High Bank Road.



Powering up. A water skier churns the water of what the crew of the *Mary B II* calls "Revetment Village".

Here was where time seemed to back-track and nature reassert herself. As we had another pull at the water bottles we sat and looked at a very pretty little skiff moored to a tether in the small salt pond. Nestled behind trees, the home above was hidden.



Could have been a hundred years ago. A skiff lies off a dock on the northern side of High Bank Rd. in Yarmouth.

The tide continued to push us upstream, past a pair of swans spotlighted by a patch of sunlight against a dark, wooded background. As the river narrowed the current picked up and pulled us beneath the old railroad bridge



and then quickly beneath the east and west bound structures of Route 6.



A natural spotlight. A pair of swans are illuminated by the sun on the Bass River.

We had finally reached Follin's Pond and continued until we hit the head of the river near where Crab Creek and another small creek enter. We stopped by a float full of cormorants sitting beneath a plastic owl and celebrated the first half of our voyage with granola bars and more water.



No fear. A cormorant suns itself on the upper reaches of the Bass River.

Thinking we felt a slacking of the tidal current, ready to retrace our pulls, we headed south across Follin's Pond and under the pair of Route 6 bridges again. But as the two of us pulled with all our strength for almost 10 minutes the boat stood still in the middle of the river under the bemused eyes of a pair of fishermen on either side of the railroad bridge.



Water watchers. A pair of fishermen sit and angle on the old railroad bridge just south of Follin's Pond.

Captain Ahab said in *Moby Dick*, "One God in the sky and one captain on a boat." But in this case I put that notion aside and under the urging of the stroke oar decided to anchor in a little cove to the west. The water was screaming through the rail bridge opening, pushing back a work barge with twin

outboards and an 18' work skiff accompanying her back to Follins Pond. Watching this we didn't feel quite so bad about waiting for the tide to diminish a little which, of course, it finally did.



Like a snow plow. A workboat tries to head south beneath the railroad bridge against the tidal flow.

We headed south once again and stopped for a break in a little pond surrounded by the Indian Lands Conservation Area in Dennis, a quiet and beautiful spot. Rowing beneath the High Bank Bridge the reversed current aided us once again, urging us south toward Nantucket Sound. Once more we passed under Route 28, modernity reasserting itself all around us as we reached the boat landing once more.

This time the skipper stayed dry.


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The minute I woke up I knew this day was going to be special. The sky was incredibly blue with not a wisp of a cloud in sight. The upper branches of the scrub oak trees were moving gently in the early morning breeze and Mari, our lovely, beautiful 12-year-old granddaughter was with us.

She had arrived at our beach house yesterday after a four-week session at summer camp. After I awoke I could not resist peeking in her bedroom to see if she, too, was up. I was anxious to tell her that I thought that today was going to be the day we, just she and I, could do our long awaited daysail and lunch. She was still asleep.

Over breakfast I asked her to meet me at the boat landing at 10 o'clock. She assured me that she'd be there after asking, "how can you eat oatmeal day after day, Poppi?" Well, actually, I would much rather have an omelet or pancakes, but being a 70-year-old, I have to submit to the caring nagging of those who insist that I never eat enough fiber and always too much fat. Mari, on the other hand, much prefers cold cereals, the more sugary the better. The excitement of the day was going to start a little later, not with breakfast.

After breakfast Mari attended to her various morning rituals and I grabbed the oars and a couple of life jackets and walked down to the dinghy dock. I was certain that our leaky old wooden skiff would need its usual substantial amount of bailing before we could row it out to *Woodstock*, my sailboat. She is what is politely referred to as a vintage boat. Built in 1971, her design is still appealing. The Rhodes 19 is still in production and raced as a class. I don't race her but still often get admiring comments from other sailors.

Actually, the skiff was virtually dry. There had been no rain and the tide was just coming in, it was barely afloat. It had probably been high and dry not more than a half hour ago. So I had a few minutes of solitude before my sailing companion would join me.

The day was absolutely gorgeous. Still no clouds in sight, the blue expanse of heaven only etch-a-sketched by vapor trails of jetliners flying in and out of Logan. Those lines must have been visible for 50 miles. The breeze was steady, about 15 knots.

Seagulls were feeding on quahogs. I watched an immature bird pick up his clam and drop it on the beach to open it. The soft white sand enfolded the clam, cushioning it so that it could not possibly open. The bird swooped down and picked up his clam, climbed, circled the same spot, dropped the clam, with the same result. He repeated this over and over again.

"Hey, kid," I almost said out loud, "watch your elders, they are dropping their clams on to the pier or onto the parking lot, that's how it's done."

Mari rounded the corner, swinging a towel, bouncing toward me with that wonderful gait which only 12-year-old girls have, long strides with long legs, short hair bouncing up every time a foot touched the pavement. I noticed even more of the changes from last summer. It was dawning on me that this adventure would not be the same next year. By that time she will be a young woman who likely might prefer to take the boat out with a companion more her own age.

"May I row out to the boat?" she asked. I nodded my head, we pushed off the skiff, and she pulled on the oars. She is strong and

## The Perfect Day

By Geoffrey W. Fuchs

moving the heavy old skiff presented no challenge to her, keeping it going in the right direction was a bit more difficult. "More left oar," I instructed, "a little more left," and we were there. It is a very short row, perhaps 70' from the dock to *Woodstock's* mooring.

We climbed on board, undid the boom tent, attached the rudder, then the jib. I raised the mainsail. The sheets were loose and banging on the fiberglass as the sails flogged about like flags. "Just a couple more things to do," I said to Mari over the noise of the whipping sheets. The skiff was now tied to the mooring. I took the mooring line off its cleat on *Woodstock's* bow and walked aft with it in my hand, then dropped it over the side. One hand on the tiller, I hauled in and trimmed the main, then the jib. The sails filled and the noise stopped and we were off. It was the kind of wind which *Woodstock* liked best, steady, and still, I judged, about 15 knots. I gave the helm to my companion who was eager to take over.

"Poppi, the boats we had at camp had only one sail and capsized easily. This is different and I'm not leaving a 'snake wake,'" she said.

"No, you're doing just fine. How about altering your course for the Bassett's Island beach. I can anchor off the beach while you swim."

"That's cool, will you swim, too?" she replied. I declined because I have a very difficult time heaving my body back into the boat and the effort is a bit embarrassing.

"I'll just stay on the boat and listen to some music." Besides, I enjoy watching her cavort like a young porpoise.

I have been sailing for some 30 years now, starting later than I should have, but it has been a love affair from day one. In those years I have been crew on friends' boats for club races, prized more for my ability to put 200 pounds on the high side than my agility or strength. When the captain ordered, "Beef up on the rail," I was in my glory.

We have also cruised, both in New England and in the Caribbean and, for the most part, enjoyed it thoroughly. But when I reflect back on it, a good daysail beats racing and cruising. And the conditions on my day with Mari made for a very good daysail indeed.

She must have been out there 20 minutes or so when she came back to the boat. She climbed in and towed off.

"Are you ready for lunch?" I asked. She nodded as she was drying her hair. I went forward to haul in the anchor. We set sail for Redbrook Harbor, a mile or so away.

It seemed we barely had time to stow the anchor when we entered the harbor, dropped the sails, and started the outboard to motor up to the visitor dock. We slowly approached the dock, docking lines at the ready. It went smoothly. We were the smallest vessel at the dock but I felt as though I had just docked the *QE2* after an ocean crossing. We secured all the lines, and stepped off.

We put our name on the waiting list at the Chart Room, an old barge converted to a restaurant to serve boat people. We sat

outside awaiting our table and talked. I don't remember what we talked about but I know I was praying silently, "Oh, God, let this day continue. Spare me any disasters for the rest of this day. Please, God, let it be totally perfect."

The wait was not too long. Mari delighted in her cheeseburger. "Poppi, this is the best cheeseburger I have ever had!" We took in the scene of all the yacht people eating and drinking and talking. A lot were quite animated and we were not sure whether it was the Bloody Mary's or their common thread, boating, or maybe both together. We traded observations and were into our own conversation. "Could I have another orange soda?" Mari asked of a passing waitress, who acknowledged her request and brought the soda in a minute. I looked at my granddaughter and marveled at her poise and self confidence. She was the only child in the whole restaurant. I do not think that fact ever occurred to her. I was enchanted.

We had lingered over lunch but now it was time to return home. *Woodstock* awaited us. We stepped aboard, started the outboard, and cast off our lines. Mari stood on the bow and pushed against the dock with her right foot to point the bow into the channel. We had not motored more than 30 or 40 feet when the motor died. "Oh, God" I thought, "didn't you hear my prayer?" My heart began to race. I was mortified. I knew it would not take much to drift into a nearby yacht. Mari was standing on the bow and seemed quizzical, obviously not aware of the ominous nature of our predicament.

"Step aside, Mari," I said, hoping to sound a lot calmer than I felt. "I need to get the anchor out while we check this out."

"Can I help?" she asked.

"No, I'll do it myself," I said, mostly because there was no time for explanations. I anchored and the boat stopped some 20' away from a huge and expensive yacht. I had staved off major embarrassment and, quite possibly, major expenses.

The problem was quickly diagnosed, the gas tank was totally dry. Inwardly angry with myself for not having checked it at the beginning of the day, a basic item on the "to do" list, I filled up from the gas can which I always carry and the motor started on the first pull.

"Mari, I need you to haul in the anchor now while I steer the boat out the channel." She nodded and started to haul.

"Gee" she said "you were great. You knew just what to do."

At the end of the channel we again raised the main and trimmed the sails for the run home. The wind was directly behind us, so we sailed wing-and-wing, the jib straight out on the port side, the main way out on starboard. We must have looked like a giant gull soaring in the firmament.

The return to our mooring was smooth and uneventful. Everything was put away and then the boat was covered. The skiff was a little soggy but it served us well. We left it locked to the dinghy dock, ready for tomorrow's sail.

I thought to myself if Mari were a seagull she surely would not have dropped her dinner into the soft sand more than once, then she'd know what to do. I wondered if I had learned to never again forget to check the gas tank?

"Thanks Poppi," she said, "this has been a perfect day."



Sailing class that morning at summer camp long ago was a little different. Instead of learning about how to use the centerboard to steer a Beetle Cat without a rudder or how to trim the gaff to give the sail the best shape for light air, we were going to play "Pirate." Each boat would get 20 "cannonballs" for ordnance (worn-out tennis balls), which its crew was to use to try to sink the other boats. Any shot coming to rest in the cockpit counted as a fatal shot. Other than that there were no rules. A shot could be bounced off the sail or deck and into the cockpit or lobbed into it directly. Too high a lob would bounce out and wouldn't count.

Our camp director, Chris Thurlby, told us he had enjoyed similar naval "battles" as a boy. He had an ample source of dead balls from his other role as tennis instructor. Chris was dashing, with his Mustang convertible, European adventures, and funny stories. He charmed us campers as well as our parents with his gusto and humor. He would scan the horizon from the helm of the outboard Committee Boat, wearing aviator sunglasses and khaki shorts and shirts with lots of pockets. We boys were eager to sail, especially given permission to bombard each other with tennis balls. The girls were eager to do anything Chris suggested.

The appointed morning we had been told to rig up and assemble at the head of the Squeteague Harbor channel at 9am sharp. Chris had already given us 20 tennis balls per boat. Splitting along gender lines as we always did sailing, we had about five girls' boats and five boys' boats.

We boys were smug as we felt we all had much better throwing arms than the girls so we'd be able to sink them before they got within range of us. The weather was hazy with only a light breeze.

My crew Kenny joined me in our boat, the *Bedlam Forever*. He nervously squeezed a tennis ball and made a slow motion practice throw at his sister Johanna's boat, the *Guppy*, with accompanying explosion sounds. She made a face and motioned a toss that would have landed well short of us. We noticed some activity at one of the private docks where someone was rigging up a white Beetle Cat belonging to a family without kids in the camp that year. We assumed someone was coincidentally going out for a sail. Soon, a blood-red tanbark sail went up the mast and the boat came sailing out to us. It was Chris in the blood-sailed boat, out to inspire the competition.

I later learned that real pirates used cattle blood to dye their sails and clothing. William Dampier writes of his months cutting tropical log wood on the shores of Campeche Bay with other buccaneers when the privateering season was slow. They sustained themselves by poaching cattle from the herds grazing in the area.

Finally Chris made the announcement, "At the count of three, let the cannonballs fly. Any ball landing in the cockpit counts as a hit. A caught ball is not a hit. Crews may retrieve and re-use cannonballs. 3, 2, 1 GO!"

In the first volley two of the girls' boats were sunk. Kenny had landed a ball in Vicky Brown's boat and she was scowling at him. Kenny was laughing and applauding with delight. Suddenly a whistling thump came from the luff of the sail and a ball bounced off our deck into the water. Drew, with his powerful throwing arm, was crewing the Riley's blue boat and they were upwind and

## The Beetle Cat Buccaneers

By Rob Gogan

broadside to us. Good thing our sail had deflected Drew's well-aimed ball. Kenny threw a couple of shots short of the Riley's boat and it sailed well out of range.

On the outskirts of the battle zone Mimi in the Cherry's boat was quietly sailing around among the bobbing flock of floating balls the rest of us had shot off target. Her crew Donna was on her knees scooping up balls by the dozen. Mimi was the best skipper among the girls and she had a very fast boat.

Kenny had spent his last shot and he turned and loudly told me so. I shushed him but it was too late as Mimi had heard him and she was now steering a course to bear down on our defenseless craft. I didn't have a lot of faith in our old boat to outrun her but I thought we might have a chance if we sailed towards the remaining boats and maybe Mimi would be distracted by another easier target. As the chase continued we approached the grassy shores of Lawrence Island. If we didn't tack soon we would be in danger of running aground where we'd be sitting ducks. Tacking would put us within range of even Donna's arcing tosses. Still, tack we must, and we headed on a course that would pass 20' ahead of their bow.

Mimi and Donna were chattering excitedly and they both had balls in hand. Kenny nervously looked around the cockpit for something to fend off the expected cannonballs. He picked up the boom crutch and held it with both hands like a cricket bat and took a few practice swings. He knelt on the leeward side and watched as our courses converged. Chris was watching us from the red-sailed boat.

When we were almost across Mimi's path Donna let fly and the ball came right for Kenny. He probably would have been better off trying to swat the ball away with his hand, but he was attached by then to the battling defense and he swung desperately at the ball. Kenny actually caught a piece of it but it careened downward and ricocheted off the coaming and up towards him. The ball bounced off his chest and Kenny managed to swat it into the water.

The girls were whooping victoriously and calling out, "We got you!" but Kenny said "Nuh-uh! The ball didn't come to rest in the cockpit." We appealed to Chris, who had been watching, and he shook his head and said, "No hit!" Mimi protested in a high-pitched voice that indicated she was about to cry. She had the presence of mind to tack and continue the pursuit and Donna tried throwing a couple more balls, but they fell short.

We sailed for the other boats in search of balls. As soon as Kenny had picked up a couple he scooted back on the leeward rail to get comfortable and make a couple of shots to discourage the Cherry's boat from pursuing us further. As soon as he threw the first ball Mimi bore off and headed downwind 90 degrees on a reach. Lucky for her, as Kenny's shot wasn't far off.

"Save your last ball," I admonished Kenny. "I don't think they'll come close again as long as they know you still have a shot."

We headed to a zone with a lot of balls so I headed up to luff a bit to enable Kenny

to scoop them up. He grabbed about a dozen and just in time as the fleet had converged on us. Kenny had his eye on Johanna's boat, the *Guppy*, which was within range, but I was more concerned about Drew in the Riley's boat which was uncomfortably close. Kenny stood up on the windward side and went into an exaggerated big league windup to bombard Johanna to windward while Drew and Ned quietly approached our leeward side. Kenny let fly at Johanna with a range-finding shot which fell a little short.

The sail obstructing his view downwind, Kenny was fully absorbed in the hunt for Johanna and didn't listen to my warnings about the approach of the Riley's boat until it was too late. A stealthy ball whistled against the sail, plopped wetly on the floorboards, and rolled to a stop. At the same moment Kenny whooped loudly as he had just landed a fair shot in Johanna's boat.

"*Bedlam* and *Guppy*, you're both out," Chris shouted.

"Damn it, Kenny, you should have watched out for Drew and Ned," I said. I could see my words had little effect though because Kenny was so happy to have sunk his sister's boat that nothing else mattered. Drew and Ned were high-fiving each other as they tacked in pursuit of Mimi and Donna. With their superior range and a good supply of balls, Drew and Ned went on to win the battle.

"Before you moor up, go and pick up all the floaters," Chris said. "And no more throwing please," Chris added, noting that Kenny was smirking at his sister with a ball in each of his hands. Johanna just glowered at him and when she looked at me, I just smiled and shrugged.

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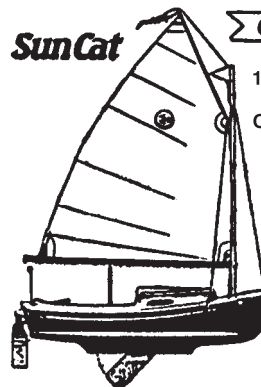


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I occasionally get asked why I go solo on those god-awful long and lonely trips along the shores of the North Atlantic in my little 17'2" Kruger sea canoe. But even more often am I asked why I go at all. Some of you readers might remember me from my solo trip from Lake Champlain down the Hudson to Manhattan, and some of you might have wondered why I took a left turn at Hell Gate and kept paddling until I reached Revere Beach north of Boston (see October 1/15 issues of *MAIB* "Looping the Loop"). Why did I do it? Two hundred miles is a nice long trip already, why go another 300 miles back to Boston?

In this case the answer is simple, it was the last piece of a bigger 4,000-mile project, the circumnavigation of all New England states and the Maritime provinces. "So you see I had to do it in order not to look like a failure," I occasionally tell unbelievers with a smug smile, just to see their reaction.

Mountain climbers have been asked similar questions about why they wanted to climb mountain X, Y, or Z, maybe even solo, and if possible on a new route. Their by-now standard answer is, "because it is there," and "because it has not been done." Most of us non-mountaineers by now have accepted this answer with a smile and maybe a gentle head shake. Most of us manage to suppress the words, "But you know you are crazy!" because we know it would not make any difference anyway.

### Challenge and Reward

So why do I paddle solo out on the ocean for 500 or even 1,000 miles all by myself? Am I running away from something in life, don't I have any friends, or am I a psychological basket case or a terror to be around? None of the above, my friends. I have been happily married for 42 years, have four kids, a home, had a full-time job as a university professor until I retired two years ago at age 65 (careful now with statements about a 67-year-old geezer).

My answer is a very simple one, I love doing it, I love coming up with a great idea for a trip, researching the area as well as its history and geology, and then carefully planning each 25-mile stage on my beloved NOAA nautical charts (no GPS). I love the physical challenge that each day presents and enjoy the satisfaction I get from successfully finishing each stage and on time.

You see, I am not a free-spirited floater following his whims, basically going where tide and wind are headed. On those longer trips I paddle with a purpose. For the same reason, I maintain success is no accident but is carefully planned. I have been in tight situations over the past 12 years but never lost control (tipped the boat or crash landed) or needed outside help, except for my dear wife's cheerful and supportive car shuttles to the starting and eventual pick-up points. Thanks, Nancy, I could not have done these trips without you.

### How It All Began

So how did I get started in the sport of ocean canoeing? I had never canoed until I built my own canoe at age 35, the year I also started sailing up and down the coast of Maine with my family (just four of us then) in a minimal 22-footer, like a month each summer. Even today I go on shorter canoe camping trips of up to a week with my wife or any other member of my family on back

## Why Do I Do It?

By Reinhard Zollitsch

"Because it is There"



country lakes and rivers in my neck of the woods, along the Maine coast or in the Florida Everglades. I also do a lot of day trips like most of you do but once or twice each year I need a "real trip" of some kind of significance, preferably alone, where I can push myself to the limit. A trip like this for me is the ultimate test with the ultimate satisfaction and gratification upon completion.

And this is exactly what I needed after my operation in September of 1994, a reaffirmation and celebration of life and something that would strip life down to its most essential part, the simple joy of living, a personal "pursuit of happiness." I needed to move out of the strife of everyday life for a while, maybe a tad towards the edge where the raw feeling of living gets heightened, but only to return, as Robert Frost so succinctly put it in his poem on bending birches. I was not lily-dipping in the puddle of life but doing something "significant," at least for me.

I started this new phase in 1995 by paddling around some of the biggest New England lakes (Moosehead and Winnepesaukee, among others) and big islands like Mount Desert and Deer Isle. The following year I felt ready to do the entire 300-mile Maine Island Trail and then aimed for my first 1,000-miler in 1999. For this I chose a historic trail which Samuel de Champlain did in 1609 in his quest from Quebec up the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu River into Lake Champlain, only I reversed the direction and kept on going around the Gaspé and back to New Brunswick.

That 1999 trip, my 60th birthday present from my family (their confidence in letting me go was the present), set the stage and was the beginning of my quest that I came up with when I read *Lone Voyager*, the story of the indomitable dory fisherman Howard Blackburn who survived a snowstorm off the Grand Banks by rowing back to shore, never giving up even when his hands froze to the oars.

Years later he was intrigued by sailing "the inner loop," as he called it, from New York up the Hudson, through the New York canal system into the Great Lakes to Chicago, down the Illinois River into the Mississippi, and eventually back home to Boston. What if he had gone straight at Troy, New York, I thought to myself when I read his story, into the Champlain Canal, instead of the Erie Canal, and into Lake Champlain, then down the Richelieu River into the St. Lawrence, and there hung a right, forever right, around the Gaspé, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Maine,

New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and back to New York and the Hudson River. I had not heard of anybody doing this loop but I am sure I was not the first to have done it.

Anyway, that's what I was going to do, I decided, do an "outer loop," and I did, finishing the last 500 miles between Boston and Lake Champlain via the Atlantic, the Hudson River, and the Champlain Canal in the summer of 2005, in 20 days as planned. And what did I learn? All the New England states and the Canadian maritime provinces form an island, what a cool 4,000-mile thought for an islander like me who has lived on an island in Orono, Maine, and summered on an island in Corea, Maine, since 1962. But that is not all, believe me.

### The Mental and Physical Challenge

To keep my mind busy during those long paddling days, mostly between six and eight hours in the boat, I had read up on all the early explorers from John Cabot to Jacques Cartier and especially the numerous trips of Samuel de Champlain to what he called "Acadia" or "New France." I even found a copy of his trip logs with charts, *Voyages*, in our library so I could follow his exact course in 2004, reliving his arrival in the New World, during the big Acadian 400-year-celebration in that part of Nova Scotia and Maine.

And then there is the physical challenge. Names like "Hell Gate" (in downtown New York where the East and Harlem Rivers gush into Long Island Sound, there is another Hell's Gate and Hell Reef in Nova Scotia), Cap Enrage, and Land's World's End always excite and challenge me more intellectually than physically. I never wonder whether I am strong and skilled enough to buck the flow and make it through, but rather think how I can best avoid the hellish conditions; i.e., which tide do I have to choose to slip through there without a hitch.

The same is true with the significant Bay of Fundy tides and rips around headlands. I always plan to go with the flow rather than fighting my way against the elements. I am not out to conquer anything, least of all nature, but rather am smart enough to have nature help me in my ultimate endeavor. On the other hand, I do not mind paddling for up to eight hours or until I get to my planned overnight spot.

### How Much Longer Can I Keep This Up?

So what kind of an encore did I have in store for this year, 2006? It was the year of coming home after several summers away, including my boyhood dream of paddling along the entire German coast of the Baltic Sea from Denmark to Poland (440 miles in 2002; see *MAIB*, January 1–February 1, 2003), as well as paddling 200 miles of the Upper Missouri River below Great Falls, Montana during the Lewis and Clark 200th anniversary years 2003–06. (I went in June 2003; see: 1, October 1/15, 2003.)

It felt good looking back on 12 great cancer-free years with memories I will never forget. And yes, writing up my trips so I could share them better with my family and friends and all of you out there. This will be my 50th such report in my non-native language, mind you. I hope some of you have enjoyed my ramblings, got some new ideas, and learned something for your own trips,



both technically as well as in the attitude department (sorry, once a teacher, always a teacher).

In 2006 I enjoyed visiting some "old friends" back home in Maine, like the Allagash Wilderness Waterway (see *MAIB*, July 15, 2006), where I was the first through paddler this year. I also paddled the entire Maine Island Trail again (see *MAIB*, October 1, 2006) from its new southern extension at Cape Porpoise to Machias (260 miles in 13 days). Early morning

ebb tides kept me from going up the many narrow rivers and tidal estuaries, forcing me to straight-line the trail a bit and paddling more offshore than in more sheltered areas. I was back where it all started after my operation, I had come full circle.

Anything new for the coming years, you might ask? There is always Cape Breton in Nova Scotia with the Bras d'Or Lakes and tantalizingly beautiful western as well as northeastern bays on Newfoundland... So far

I have always had more projects than I have time for. I only hope I never reach the point where I do not know what to do next, when I stop dreaming, that is. Life is much too precious to waste.

By the way, have you ever seen a Hawaiian-style solo outrigger? See you at the Blackburn Challenge in Gloucester, Massachusetts, this coming July, my friends. In the meantime, warm greetings from an often cold Maine.

Twenty years ago my mother asked me what I wanted for my birthday. I wanted a windsurfer so we went out and bought it together. We bought a Bic 250 with lots of reserve buoyancy, I knew I'd never be 19 again. I am proud of the fact that I never had a lesson in windsurfing but learned from a book.

A windsurfer does not have a moveable rudder, it has a fixed skeg. To steer the craft the sail is mounted on a flexible universal joint amidship and tilted forward or back to alter balance and change direction. The mast can be twisted to alter angle of attack for different points of sailing higher or lower on the wind. Leaning to windward increases sail area and speed and leaning to leeward decreases speed and vents excessive power.

When this 45lb craft gets up on plane it is like waterskiing in complete silence without a power boat. I just took the boat to the Oxford, Maryland, beach and started sailing, figuring if I couldn't handle it the sail, boom, and mast could always be folded and paddled back to shore with my hands.

One of the first problems I encountered was how to deal with the stinging sea nettles of the Chesapeake Bay waters. A simple solution was to windsurf wearing long pants and a long sleeved shirt. This is unconventional in appearance but the jellyfish cannot sting through clothing. It has been suggested that I borrow a pair of my wife's pantyhose to wear under my swim trunks to ward off stings. I never tried that approach.

Sea nettles cannot tolerate fresh water. The Choptank River is salty at its mouth where it enters the Chesapeake Bay and virtually fresh at Denton, 45 miles upriver. I simply move further upriver to fresher water not infested with jelly fish.

By August the water temperature is in the upper 80s and the air temperature is in the upper 90s. What a glorious feeling to be sailing along at high speed and getting so tired that I let the boom go and plunge into warm water. After a short swim I climb aboard the boat and dry off in the heat.

One obvious worry at first was getting trapped underwater by the sail after a fall. This happens, but is no problem. The sail is small, only 75sf, so it is easy to swim out from under or just grab it and push it aside. It takes less than 10 seconds to get out from under the sail.

Footwear is very important in windsurfing. Bare feet are out of the question, it is too

## A Fat Old Man on a Windsurfer

By Robert A. Musch



easy to stub a toe on the mast or cut feet on the beach. Tennis shoes are fine but difficult to swim in. Swim fins are too clumsy to walk around the mast when tacking. I use a pair of beach shoes because they do not slide easily off the deck. At first I tried to keep the hull parallel to the water and sail flat footed. This shifted my weight forward and compressed my toes uncomfortably in the shoes.

Later I bent my ankles acutely and tilted the hull to windward, resulting in my weight being exerted directly to the soles of my feet. This increased my speed but it was a great leap forward to trust the sail to support my weight so I'd not fall off the boat to windward. As in all boating, everything should be in balance. If you are uncomfortable, you must be doing something wrong.

We moved to Arizona for me to work on the Navaho Reservation. I took the windsurfer along but unfortunately the mast was

not packed. No problem, my son could mail it to me. That mast was 18' long and weighed 5 lbs. The post office wanted \$300 to mail it.

No problem, I'll buy another one out west. We went to marinas and boat shops all over Arizona and California and found none of them sold windsurfing equipment. I never saw anyone windsurfing in 2½ years out there. The sport was invented in California. The answer to the question, "Why has windsurfing declined so much out west?" The people who normally would participate had purchased personal watercraft and were busy spinning in circles just off the beach.

I used the windsurfer as a kayak out west. With a cushion to sit upon and a double bladed paddle it is an effective kayak. We also found the hull could be pulled behind a powerboat for children who had difficulty learning how to ski. There is a lot of fun to be had just messing about in boats.


When we returned to Maryland the windsurfer was rejoined with its mast and several sails. Now sailing as an overweight senior citizen I found I could still have a lot of fun playing tag with the wind. I can outrun almost any conventional monohull on any point of sail because the windsurfer has such a high power to weight ratio. The sail is so large in comparison to the light weight of the hull. It is gratifying to sail by a \$100,000 yacht on a hot summer day and have the white-haired senior citizen skipper point his finger at me and say, "I tried that and couldn't do it."

Aging has decreased my balance, strength, and endurance on the windsurfer but I still have a lot of pleasure out on the water. It makes me appreciate seeing a young man flipping his board on its side, casually putting one foot on the centerboard, and continuing sailing down the river. I've seen this happen but couldn't believe my eyes.

At Sandy Point State Park they have races in strong winds on the open Chesapeake Bay. The speeds these little boats make are incredible; I watch in amazement because I realize how difficult it is to stay on top of the hull under these conditions.

The photograph is of me windsurfing with my family kayaking. I didn't see any other 65-year-olds out there on the river that day.

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## International Aspects

A 6.7 to 7.1 earthquake snapped six submarine cables off Taiwan and raised havoc with communications and Internet traffic across Asia. A few lucky shipping companies had relied on satellites to carry their electronic traffic but most used the cables. Cable ships, including the *Lobrog*, *Asean Restorer*, and *Retriever*, rushed to repair the damage but repairs would take several weeks. Weather forecasts for the repair crews were for icy conditions.

U.K. ports are barely keeping up with the flood of containers and it will be years before much new capacity comes on line. But Continental ports probably will be able to handle the increased business.

The world's largest insurer, America International Group, acquired the U.S. marine terminals business that Dubai's DP World dropped after a political fuss last year over its Arabian ownership. (Two larger port terminal operators are both Chinese.)

The European Union wants rule changes that would allow ratings to do tasks traditionally reserved for officers. And "Brussels," in the form of the European Union, considers sand dredged off a channel bottom to be "waste" and therefore subject to environmental controls and regulations. Certainly some dredged spoil is contaminated but clean sand?

The world's largest container ship owner, AP Moller Maersk, will raise its rates by up to 15% in 2007 to offset higher costs. It lost \$600 million last year but had a \$1.3 billion profit in 2005.

Four smuggling boats tried to land 515 African refugees on a Yemeni beach in heavy seas but Coast Guard forces opened fire. Two boats had landed their human cargoes but another two, waiting offshore, were attacked by Yemeni Coast Guard boats and a helicopter and both capsized. Seventeen smugglers were captured but 17 refugees died and 141 were missing. The refugees were Somali and Ethiopians fleeing the conflict in Somalia.

And a fishing boat crowded with more than 100 African immigrants capsized at least twice while sailing to the Canary Islands. At least 80 died and survivors drifted for ten days without food or water.

## Hard Knocks and Thin Places

As usual bad luck, bad weather, and bad seamanship plagued a tiny minority of the world's commercial vessels and their crews.

Two fishing vessels were run down by unknown ships in the sea off east China's Zhejiang Province and 14 died.

The container ships *CGA CGM Don Giovanni* and *Amalthea* collided at Hamburg.

The ro-ro *Celtic Star* arrived at Liverpool with trailers broken loose and overturned and one hanging over the ship's side.

At Mombasa the wooden dhow *Basra II* was consumed by a fire that started in its galley.

An explosion on the tanker *Shamkhor* in the Caspian Sea killed two.

In the Bosphorus a pilot fell off a boarding ladder and was not found.

The freighter *Wilson Muuga* went high and dry on Iceland's Reykjanes Peninsula. A Danish Coast Guard boat had tried to pass a message but its small boat capsized and one man died.

Nineteen were killed when two barges collided at night on the Niger River.

Ten Yemeni Coast Guards died when

# Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

their small boat capsized.

Four Chinese crewmen died in a fire off South Korea on the Sierra Leone-registered cargo ship *Jida*.

The ore-carrying North Korean freighter *Ryong Ak San* sank off the Chinese city of Dalian and 17 went missing.

The Maltese-flagged *Flora-I* went ashore in the Turkish province of Bartin after it hit a breakwater.

A Russian tugboat saved the South Korean *Marine Eagle* after its engine failed and it started drifting in high seas.

The empty cement tanker *Tzini* ran aground and dumped 30 tonnes of oil on Taiwan's shores.

The crew of ten of the *Sea Rise* was rescued from a life raft at night by the container ship *K-Stream* in the South Ionian Sea.

The Indian *Guishan-e-Medina* capsized and sank off the coast of Bahrain, the crew of 13 was rescued by the larger *Mohammediya*, then one of the rescued men fell and broke bones.

The ro-ro *Acacia* arrived at Barcelona with a 30° list due to a crack in the hull.

At Veracruz the bulkier *Blue Star* collided with the anchored oil rig *THE-205* and the rig's helicopter platform ended up on the bulkier's deck.

So many quiet dramas!

## The Gray Fleets

India will get its second biggest warship when the U.S. Navy transfers the 36-year-old Austin class Landing Platform Dock *USS Trenton* (LPD 14) later this year. Indian Navy crews are already training in the U.S. on how to operate the ship's systems. It will probably be renamed *INS Jalashva* (Sanskrit for sea-horse). India is also seeking six Sea King helicopters for their new warship, which would enhance that Navy's amphibious and command-and-control capabilities. The transfer is the first between two nations that are increasingly becoming closer.

Turkey upped its requirements and now needs six, not four, new diesel electric submarines in order to keep up with deadly rival Greece.

China has decided that it is a major maritime country and needs an improved navy that can meet "the needs of its military's historical mission." That nation is increasingly becoming concerned about protecting the sea routes that bring in its energy supplies and other resources. And there is always Taiwan...

U.S. Navy submarines made for unhappy news. *USS Newport News* was transiting the busy Strait of Hormuz when it passed under a fast-moving VLCC, the Japanese-owned tanker *Mogamigawa*. That created a venturi effect that sucked the sub up and into the bottom of the tanker, which was holed. Or so the U.S. Navy explained.

On the other side of Europe at Plymouth, U.K., four sailors on the departing sub *USS Minneapolis-St. Paul* went overboard in appalling weather and two later died of their injuries. British sources say the men were "battered about" while working on the sub's outer casing and that too-long safety lines or the lack of them allowed them to drift away from the sub. The accident happened while a pilot was being transferred to

a smaller boat for return to shore. The U.S. Navy is investigating.

The U.S. Navy realized that too much attention has been focused on events in the Middle East and the war on terror so it is sending out senior officers to reacquaint the nation with its maritime needs and the contributions sea and air power are making, or could make, in beating unconventional enemies.

The Royal Navy was told it had to cut out its share of an armed services' reduction of £1 billion by April, 2008, and that means six more destroyers and frigates of its 44 major warships (down from the WW II peak of more than 1,000 warships) must go into reduced readiness status. The Labor government admitted that 13 warships are already in reduced readiness and would take 18 months to restore to readiness. There was even talk of no new aircraft carriers and fewer Type 45 destroyers. The Senior Service will probably become a pale shadow of its present size and will have to discontinue committing ships to combat terrorism and piracy. One senior officer complained that Navy would become a coastal force or a fleet of dugout canoes.

## The White Fleets

More than 46,000 passengers (enough to fill one hundred 747s) sailed to and from Port Everglades in a 24-hour period. In port were *Carnival Liberty*, *Costa Magica*, *QM2*, *Discovery Sun*, *Volendam*, *Zuiderdam*, *Regal Empress*, *Sea Princess*, *Star Princess*, *Enchantment of the Seas*, *Radiance of the Seas*, *Seabourne Pride*, and *Island Adventure*. The 13 ships were fewer (but bigger) than when the previous world's record was set in 2003 with 44,108 passengers on 15 ships.

The Middle East is rapidly becoming a cruise destination. The *AidaCara* arrived at Dubai with 1,154 passengers while some 3,000 passengers, mainly from Europe, will arrive at Bahrain each week until March.

But visa problems at Dubai forced nearly 40 Pakistani passengers to stay on board the *Dream*. And the *Dream* was reported as short three passengers upon its departure (apparently, they had decided to stay in the United Arab Emirates). High-level diplomacy calmed matters but the *Dream* has not carried passengers since.

And passengers were irate when a cruise out of Dubai on the *Dream Princess* (the same ship?) was cancelled without notice.

The *Fridtjof Nansen*, the first cruise ship specifically built for cruising in Greenland waters, will go into service in time for the summer season.

The *Norwegian Majesty* lost electrical power and limped into Charleston without air conditioning for its passengers.

The *Freedom of the Seas* arrived at Miami with 99 passengers and 11 crew members sick with the norovirus. Since the ship had arrived a week earlier with nearly 400 sick people, the Coast Guard issued a no-sail recommendation.

And the *Sun Princess* arrived at Port Everglades with 103 sick.

In the Pacific the owner of the *Pacific Star* may not be hit with a compensation claim from Vanuatu authorities because it has been extremely proactive in cleaning up a 50,000-litre spill of oily wastes.

## Those That Go Back and Forth

In the worst ferry accident in some time, the Indonesian ferry *Senopad Nusantara* with 631 people on board sank off Borneo.



(This sinking was two days after another Indonesian ferry overturned in rough seas off Sumatra.) Many survivors were spotted but bad weather made rescue difficult. At least 234 survivors and 12 bodies were retrieved but over 380 went missing. One group of 15 in life jackets was saved, 12 more were found atop an unmanned offshore oil rig, and others floated in a life raft for nine days before being saved.

A French ferry with 196 on board faithfully followed buoys displaced by a recent storm and ran aground on a sandbank off the west coast of France. It came off on the next high tide.

A man jumped off the Staten Island ferry *Spirit of Liberty* and disappeared into the foggy night.

A Range Rover, too eager to disembark, ran over and killed a crewman on the Grafton ferry in Illinois.

The Balinese ferry *Sinar Baru* sank and all passengers were found floating in life jackets.

A ferry with the capacity for 108 people and 17 vehicles sank in the Bangka Strait off Sumatra and only 21 were rescued.

The *Senlosa 89* ferry, carrying 15 passengers, capsized and sank near Mapur Island in the Riau Islands. No news on how many survived. (The islands are Indonesian.)

At Southampton the ferry *Red Eagle* collided with the small barge *Humber Energy*. Neither was damaged much.

The ferry *Brian* sank south of Manila but all 104 people survived.

Off Brazil the catamaran fast ferry *Bahia de Todos* flipped while traveling into a strong wind and one person of the 104 on board died.

### Nature

Dozens of bags of Doritos tortilla chips washed ashore on Hatteras Island. They came from one of four containers lost by the *Courtney L* during a storm off the Virginia-North Carolina border. The National Park Service tried to retrieve the Doritos but dozens of people found enough for generous personal consumption.

Divers sealed off a Gulf of Mexico crude oil pipeline that leaked 44,500 gallons before a break was detected when pressure dropped. Luckily, the light-grade oil moved offshore, away from the beaches of Texas. The pipeline is 90' deep and apparently was ruptured by the anchor of a ship trying to moor.

The effects of Hurricanes Katrina and Rita forced the U.S. government to stop selling oil and gas leases in the Gulf of Mexico until an Environmental Impact Statement is prepared. The State of Louisiana had sued the U.S. Interior Department and won.

German subs traveled to and from Japan during World War II carrying vital war equipment and scarce raw materials. *U-684*, carrying 65 tons of mercury, didn't get past Norway before it was sunk 2½ miles off Fedje by the British submarine *HMS Venture*. Some of the rusting mercury containers are now leaking. Norwegian authorities ruled out raising the sub or the containers and want to encase the wreck with sand.

The Belize registry expelled the *Farley Mowat* on suspicion that it was part of an organized effort to sink whaling ships. The owner had stated that it was a private yacht and would conduct ecological research on the Belize Barrier Reef. Then authorities learned that the *Mowat* was one of a group of vessels controlled by the infamous Sea

Shepherd Conservation Society which claims to have sunk ten whaling ships by ramming, sabotage, and other tactics. (The *Mowat* left Melbourne, Australia, in late December heading for the Antarctica.)

### Legal Matters

Overseas Shipping Groups decided to pay \$37 million to settle environmental issues raised by the U.S. Justice Department. The company said fighting indictments would tie up an immense amount of management time that could be better used to operating its ships.

Thirty Chinese poachers were captured when their vessel, the *Hoi Wan*, tried to evade rangers of the world famous *Tubbataha Park* in the Philippines.

The master of the Japanese fast hydrofoil ferry *Beetle* was cleared of any responsibility for a collision with a whale that injured six passengers. The governing agency ruled that many passengers had ignored warnings to fasten seat belts.

The chief and second engineers of the South Korean-flagged bulk carrier *Sun New* and the chief and first engineers of the Greek-flagged *Captain X Kyriakou* learned the hard way that violating the U.S.'s tough Act to Prevent Pollution wasn't worth it. They will stand trial and face sentences or expensive fines.

### Metal Bashing

The Chinese want to become the top shipbuilding nation but they aren't there yet. A German ship owner cancelled an order for ten container ships after the first two were delivered 18 months late and both had engine room flooding at launch due to stern gland leakage and one ship suffered an explosion and fire during sea trials.

A possible merger of Babcock International and Devonport Management Limited (DML) would bring maintenance and support of the Royal Navy's submarine fleet and 80% of its surface fleet under Babcock's control. The Ministry of Defense likes the idea but BAE Systems may not. It owns the country's only sub-building facility and it wants to be part of any consolidation. BAE may bid for DML and incorporate it into a shipbuilding venture it plans with VT Group, another player in the naval vessel sector. However, that move may not meet with approval from the Ministry of Defense.

The British Ministry of Defense asked for bids to break up its Landing Platform. Dock *Intrepid*. Several bids were received and are being evaluated.

But far away, scrapping of the big cruise ship *Blue Lady* (ex-Norway, France) was delayed by India's Supreme Court which asked the Gujarat Pollution Control Board to review a demolition plan submitted by the scrapyard,

### Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Seven robbers armed with knives boarded a chemical tanker at Tema, Ghana, and robbed ships stores and lowered them into a canoe.

At Luanda Roads, Angola, robbers climbed a ro-ro's anchor chain but escaped when the crew became aware of them.

In Argentina's Parana River Anchorage, 17 robbers boarded a cargo ship, destroyed communications gear, and then broke into containers and stole electronic equipment and other goods. The navy intercepted a boat and arrested some of the pirates and retrieved stolen goods.

In Iran's Bandar Abbas Anchorage,

pirates boarded the *Maritime Gisela* and stole three of its life rafts. A flare was ignited, which attracted the crew's attention and Port Police captured three pirates.

And Somali pirates were operating again, this time trying to board a bulk carrier. The event coincided with eviction of the Islamic Courts from much of Somalia. The Courts had been enforcing a strong anti-piracy policy.

The French Navy erected a radar network on the Yemeni coast to help monitor choke points and stop terrorist attacks and traffic.

Tamil Tigers "rescued" the drifting Jordanian cargo ship *Farah III*. Its engine had failed and the Tigers boarded her on suspicion. They tried to repair the engine and when the vessel ran aground they made captives of the crew of 25. They were soon released but the ship's 14,000 tons of rice were not.

Australia is adding an armed trimaran, one of the largest in the world, to its fleet of fisheries patrol boats. The *Triton* is fast enough and has enough range and seakeeping ability to run down the most determined illegal fishing vessel.

### Odd Bits

On the first day of her maiden voyage the tanker *Sharon Sea* collided with a barge on the Yangtze.

At Rostock the container ship *Maersk Bentonville* needed attention to its propeller shaft so its bow was ballasted down with 10,000 tons of water, causing the stern to rise high enough so repairs could be made.

At Milford Haven in Wales the tanker *Prospero* made what was described as a "heavy berthing" and caused damage to both ship and pier.

When the museum aircraft carrier *USS Yorktown* was painted in 1998 it cost the museum about \$260,000. This time the bill will be \$3.5 million, partly due to the need to blast the ship down to bare metal, partly because lead-based paint flakes must be captured.

British enthusiasts hope to restore *S 130*, the last example of World War II's famed German E-boats and hope the National Heritage Lottery will provide the funding. *S 130* was used by the British to land agents on the Baltic coast during the Cold War.

A crew woman was washed off the deck of the square-rigged barque *Picton Castle* off Cape Cod and was not found. She was off-watch at the time. The vessel is registered in the Cook Islands and that nation appointed an investigator. One of four British mariners interviewed admitted that he had fallen asleep while on watch.

A Belgian on the yacht *Algeria* refused to take his anti-psychotic medicine and became frantic so his shipmate locked him in a cabin. He broke free and jumped into the sea but it was two hours before it was realized that he was in the water. Meanwhile, the frigate *HMS Lancaster* had been dispatched to provide medical assistance and was racing from 200 miles away. The frigate found him alive.

### Head-Shakers

TV producers try hard to use exotic locations and so Singapore audiences will see 21 prime time episodes of romance aboard a jack-up.

Twelve years ago the skipper of the Scottish fishing boat *Seaward Quest* sank her to get its insurance. Recently he got religion and confessed his sin to a friend. The skipper is now serving time.



Catboat on the trailer.

## Seen Last Summer in Rockland

During our annual trip to Maine this September, my wife and I stopped at the Apprentice Shop in Rockland, Maine, to see what was being worked on and took some pictures readers might find interesting.

The Rockland / Camden area always has something going on and we love going there each year. If you get up that way, be sure to stop in at Fitzpatrick's Restaurant in Camden on the waterfront.



Down the ramp at the Apprentice Shop.



All hands on deck.



Will it float?



Yes.



Yes.



Sail up.



Help arrives to get her to the dock.

Sail or row with Apprentice Shop in background.

Neat,





Southport Island Marine (Maine) is proud to announce the availability of its new powerboat offering, a fiberglass version of Harry Bryan's Handy Billy. This is the first time that this successful design is available built in fiberglass.

In November 2006 the prototype was launched and the sea trial after the launch was a resounding success. The boat ran well at all speeds. It performed well with only one person on board. It performed well with six persons on board. It was remarkably quiet and smooth at all speeds. The top speed attained was 15kts which was in keeping with the designer's expectations for the 25hp engine.

The crew was especially pleased to find that the boat performed as well with one person on board as with six. And with six people on the boat it was not crowded, as there is seating for more.

The design of this boat dates back to 1912 when William Hand, an innovative naval architect at that time, was designing some of the first hard chine hull forms. The hull is narrow for its length which accounts for its good turn of speed with very modest powering. Mr. Hand designed the hull to accommodate the engines available in his time, namely gas inboards. Those boats were very successful, well loved, and extensively used.

## New Fiberglass Handy Billy



In the boating world at large, subsequent engine developments in the ensuing decades encouraged designers to abandon the easily driven hull form such as developed by Hand in the search of greater speed with newly available high power inboard and later outboard motors. However, in 1998 Canadian boatbuilder and designer Harry Bryan re-introduced these great little boats, but this time for use with newly developed four-cycle outboard motors.

Up until now, if you wanted one of these great boats it was only available in wood

(there are several independent wooden boat-builders who have built them). Now, for the first time, with the cooperation and encouragement of the designer it is available built in low maintenance fiberglass.

It seems that the timing could not be better. With the whole world becoming concerned about fuel costs and the well-being of the environment, this efficient and clean little power boat is just what Southport Island Marine thinks people will want. The classic good looks of the boat and the low noise level make the product even more desirable. The 25hp or 30hp four-stroke outboard motor is installed in a covered well, making the already quiet and smooth engine nearly silent at idle.

The boat pictured here is, as mentioned, the first of the fiberglass boats launched. This one was built with a good deal of custom wood work and looks appropriately great. In the coming months a couple of other versions will be introduced, the all fiberglass version and a "Runabout" version with a different seating arrangement from the center console version shown here. All will have the same classic look and performance.

For more information on these great little boats call Southport Island Marine at (207) 633-6009 or visit our web site at [www.southportislandmarine.com](http://www.southportislandmarine.com).



Southport Island Marine, LLC is a well-established custom boatbuilder (visit our web site to see our great Southport 30 Lobster Yacht). The Handy Billy is a production boat and marks our entry into the production boat market. In the world of small production boats Southport Island Marine knows of nothing comparable to the Handy Billy. And while most production boats are built in southern climates, we anticipate that the success of this product will grow our business and bring much needed quality employment opportunities to Maine, a state with a long and storied boat building heritage.

We are producing this traditional line of boats in an effort to bring attractive classic designs to a mass market. At a time when consumers are looking more and more for efficient and good looking recreational products, we hope to expand our line of such vessels. Up until now, if you wanted a classic looking boat like the Handy Billy, you would need to commission a custom wooden (or fiberglass) boat, usually at great expense. This being the case, only very wealthy people could afford to have these classy boats. In the case of a wooden boat, even if the pur-

## About Southport Island Marine, LLC

chase price is not prohibitive, the cost of upkeep precludes most middle income consumers from owning one.

The purchase price and cost of ownership of our timeless classic Handy Billy becomes affordable to a larger segment of the boating public that could never before afford to own such a boat.

In addition to the financial benefits associated with purchasing and maintaining these boats, they are uncommonly:

**Fuel efficient:** The long narrow hull form is easily driven by the efficient and quiet four-stroke outboard engine. In a world where the long term price of fuel is guaranteed to go only up, owning one of these efficient little boats makes great economic sense.

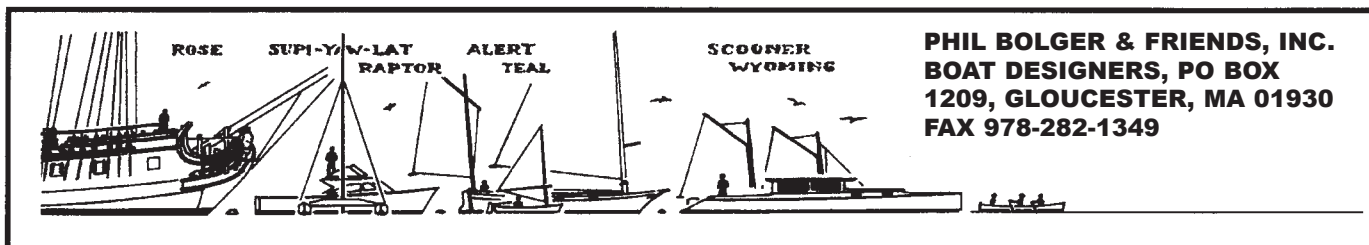
**Economical:** The economic implications of fuel efficiency do not need to be elaborated. Burn less fuel, spend less money. But these classic boats will also be economical to own for a couple of other reasons. They are trailerable and can be easily stored in your

driveway. Being all fiberglass (the standard model) the boat will require only a yearly waxing. A comparable wooden boat would require days if not weeks of hard work (or expensive professional attention) annually.

**Quiet:** As mentioned above, the four-stroke combustion cycle, state of the art in outboard motor technology, is quiet and efficient. In addition, the Handy Billy's engine is installed in a covered well, thus muffling the already minimal noise even more. Even sailors, accustomed to being on the water in silent boats, will find this a particularly attractive feature.

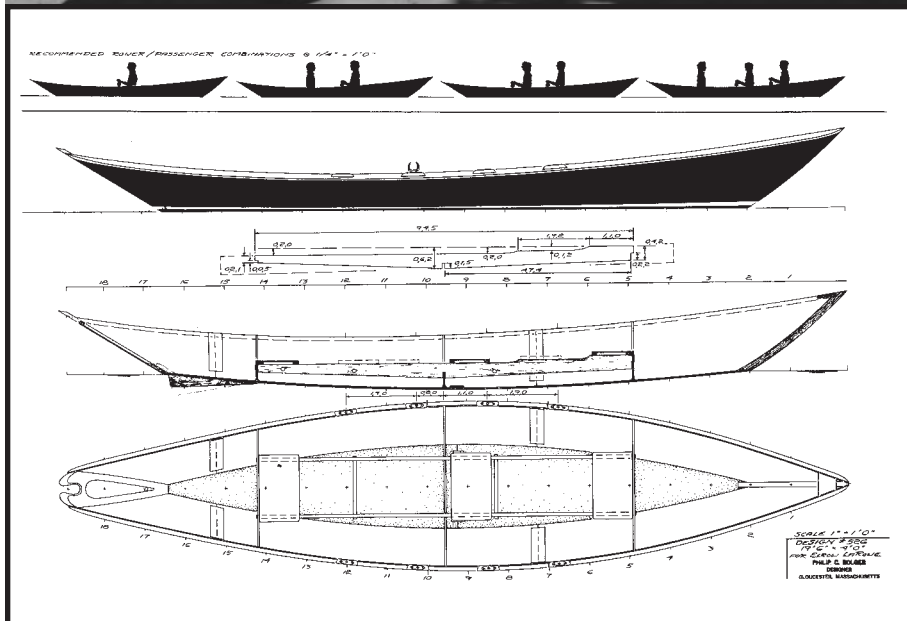
**Seaworthy and comfortable:** With a fine entry and deep V forward, these boats cut through the water instead of pounding over it. Designed for the choppy waters of Buzzard's Bay.

Southport Island Marine, LLC has other similarly classic and sensible designs that it plans to bring to market in the coming years. The popularity of the Handy Billy 21 will surely be the first of several exciting classics to be introduced. Our business is committed to introducing attractive, efficient, quiet, and seaworthy classics to market.



Jon Kolb's Long Light Dory on Blevens Lake Canyon Reservoir in Colorado.

Bob Thomson's Long Light Dory in Florence, Oregon.



## Bolger on Design

### Long Light Dory

Design #526  
 19' 6" x 4' 0"

The familiar Gloucester Light Dory, our Design #140 (!), is about as pretty and generally nice as all-around recreational pulling boats come. The combination of good looks, rough water ability, and fast construction are most satisfying. It seems to be a recognized classic. Its weakness is that if a second person goes along, trim requires that the rower shift to the forward position, which is too narrow for ideal rowing geometry. With three people, trim is good but the load puts the boat too deep in the water to feel lively and the rough water ability is noticeably degraded. After all, it's only 12' long by 2' wide on the bottom.

Eventually, we got around to doing something about it. This design here is a simple "stretch" on the same sectional shape to get more capacity and improved oar geometry with various added combinations of users as the sketched profiles show. The longer boat uses a little more material but is, if anything, easier to build due to the gentler curves.

The long boat is not as lively as the original for solo rowing on account of the added weight and surface friction, but it's not bad. Top speed pulling hard may be a little better due to the longer waterline and sleeker underwater shape and it's still light enough to be easily launched or dragged up a beach single handed. With two or three people it's very much better for all purposes than the shorter boat.

Incidentally, we later designed a further stretch to 23' 6" with three rowing positions. We don't have personal experience with that one but hear that it goes very well, but we'd guess that it's not ideal for solo recreation and few of them have been built.

This write-up was suggested by the arrival of the photo of a very clean job of building by Jon Kolb in Colorado, the white boat here. The other one, showing the interior, is by Bob Thomson in Florence, Oregon, and also looks like a neat, competent job. A lot of them have been built with an unusually low incidence of botched work and misbegotten alterations.

Several have competed in the Blackburn Challenge race around the island of Cape Ann here. They're not quite competitive with more elaborate hull forms with longer waterlines for sheer speed, but they don't disgrace themselves considering that general utility and fast one-off construction were the objects of the design.

Plans of the Long Light Dory, Design #526, are available for \$65 to build one boat, sent first class mail, folded, from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930



I got home this afternoon and it was blowing like stink. High tide and a SW wind meant a surge coming into the marina. A summer of light winds meant a chorus of clanging and banging halyards. What's the connection? Since most of the people who pay moorage (and, I assume, boat payments) on our dock so they can join the Loose Halyard Band live in places like Palm Springs, or Tucson, or worse. So they probably don't even know how loud their masts can get this time of year. Or how loose the running rigging has gotten since that last daysail, last July, or maybe the year before when they actually were here in San Diego last. By November most of our boat owners hereabouts think it's winter. Yeah, they just sort of roll up the nacho bag, put the beer back in the cooler, and flee to their dirt houses until Memorial Day weekend.

Normally I go over to Harbor Freight and get a jar of random length bungees and make my rounds pulling halyards out to the shrouds. It's also that time of year when I retie a lot of what I call "axe knots" that people leave their boats hooked up to the dock with. Somehow the word is out that you can make the line STRONGER if you add a whole bunch of turns and half hitches and grannies to it. One thing those "why not?" knots do is make it harder to set a proper spring line or get somebody's pride and joy to stop sawing on those aged de-plasticized vinyl fenders (usually hung from five-year-old three-strand polypropylene) that add such a catchy counter rhythm to the otherwise syncopated "high wind samba."

So call me Dudley Dooright. I just don't think it's right to let a boat suffer for the ignorance of her owner. Not if all it takes is a few broken fingernails, or even some surplus line from my dock box, to reduce her distress. Funny thing though. Some of the worst offenders during the high wind samba are repeat offenders. Some of those people must think the bungees just grow back naturally over the winter. Sure, I know that no good deed goes unpunished. But don't get me started on that or I'll burden you with what I do with tennis balls and bow anchors.

Like I said, the wind was blowing like stink. The masts were starting to moan like a pipe organ. It was time to go sailing! My current "big" sailboat is *Plum Duff*, a 30-year-old Ranger 26. I bought her two years and 3,100 nautical miles ago "as is." I think the name is rather apt and clever on my part. Certainly every good messer has read a multitude of sea tales that include the mention of a plum duff served as a measure of the captain's largess, or perhaps withheld punitively. But just in case there are "civilians" about, let me explain the background of her name.

When I discovered her, the poor girl was in pretty rough shape. The interior was moldy, the wiring beyond redemption, sails beyond hope, and so on. The ingredients of an actual shipboard plum duff are not quite what the Starbucks set would expect for dessert either, suet and raisins and maybe a bit of weevily flour mixed into the putrid drinking water sloshing about in the butts. My thought was that this little boat would never be as fine as a landsman would expect in a yacht. But to a real sailor she would become something to take pride in. So she became *Plum Duff*. Now if I can just get the Coast Guard radio operator to get over his misbegotten glee at returning my occasional calls with "Roger, *Plum Duck*."

## It's That Time of Year, Again

By Dan Rogers

By the time I got underway the tide had ebbed to near the -1' predicted for late afternoon. About a quarter of south San Diego Bay ranges from 6" to 6' at LLMW. So with a minus tide in the mix it can get REAL shallow out here. Over the past several years, and literally thousands of miles sailed out on the flats, I have managed to leave keel marks and bottom paint on each and every hump out there at one time or another. Usually I can kind of sluice through the upper layer of silt. But when the sounder shows 4' or less we're going to likely lurch to a stop. I left the slip with a reef in the main and the storm jib bent on. We cleared the jetty and proceeded to crash out into a rather roiled patch of water. I strapped the little jib in and took off at 6kts.

Not too bad for being kind of under canvassed. The Ranger 26 was designed by Gary Mull in the late '60s with San Francisco Bay in mind. It is actually a pretty stiff and well mannered boat despite the initial pretense of quarter ton rule influence. I was rolling along with only wind surfers and kite surfers for company. Boy, I'm really worried that one of these days I'm going to have one of those kite rigs wrapped around my mast. Those guys are going lickity split, looking up at the sky. I sort of feel like one of those hairy guys in that Mel Gibson movie when they moon the archers. Hey, it's just a matter of chance.

By the time I got out into deeper water, where the less hardcore sailors go, it was still blowing pretty well. I didn't get to measure it objectively as my expensive-but-out-of-warranty wind machine has packed it in with some sort of brain hemorrhage.

Probably 12-15kts with gusts to 25ish. I was sort of feeling guilty, what with the boat just rolling along on an almost even keel, a finger on the tiller. I was thinking about adding some sail and stomping down on the gas a bit. Then I thought better of it. Up ahead was the most curious sight. One of those new (any boat less than ten years old

still has the price tags in the window as far as I'm concerned) boats from Florida, about 35' with the "roll bar" and seats on the stern rail and, I'm sure, granite counter tops down below, was doing the best imitation of Nancy Kerrigan doing a triple axel I have seen on the water in quite a while.

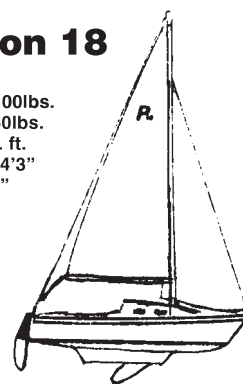
First she would bury the rail, then round up, spin on around with the jib backed, shake it off, and do it all over again. Over and over again. I set the auto pilot so I could concentrate on watching the show. The poor guy at the helm (behind one of those high rise instrument panels that nearly block out the sun) had the look of someone clinging to the neck of a runaway horse. Finally, during one of those uncontrolled pirouettes, he managed to roll up the way-too-big roller furling jib, and then the jamb-in-the-mast-main disappeared. The diesel started and he was scuttling for shelter.

After the show was over I stepped below and lit the sea swing stove, heated water for instant coffee, and sat at my hand-made birch table and watched a nice straight wake extend from behind the empty cockpit. Even though she will probably never have granite counter tops or a roll bar with woofers and tweeters in it, *Plum Duff* is a damn fine sailboat. One to be proud of.

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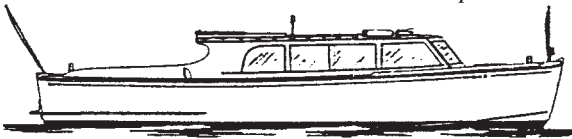


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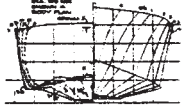
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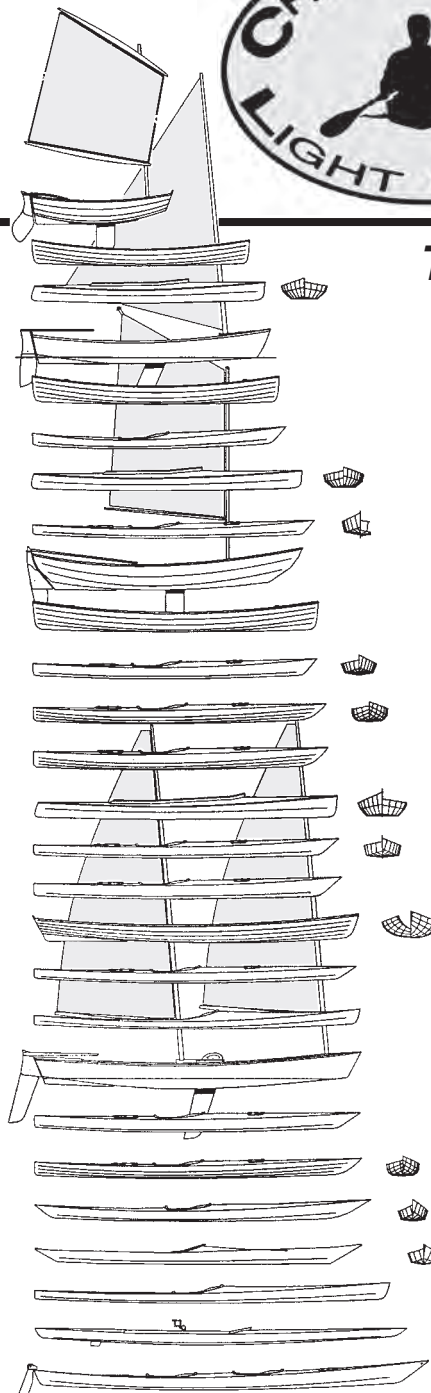
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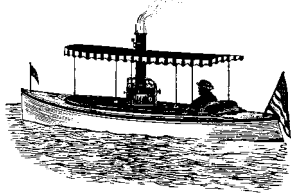
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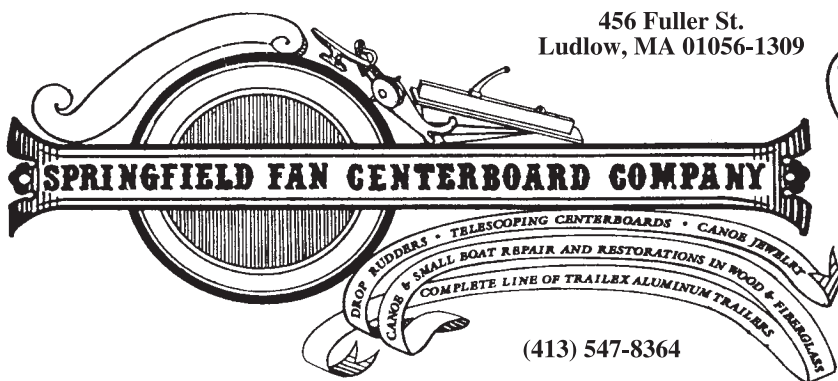
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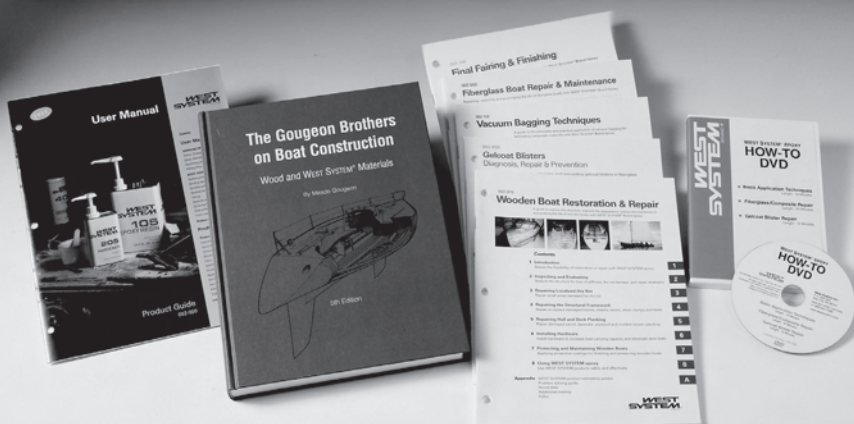
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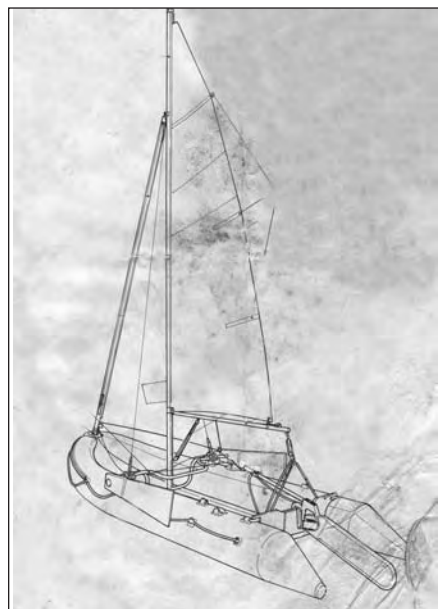
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**Matsushita Blades**, we are offering the 36 tooth, 7/8" Matsushita Combination Blade, a very thin kerf blade that runs free & puts little load on the saw, producing a very smooth cut w/minimal waste. Priced at 1 for \$25 or 2 for \$46 w/free shipping. Send check or money order.

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**Kayak Gear:** O'Neil Farmer John Wetsuit, hardly used, fits 6', 165lb, w/full jacket, 2pr gloves, 2pr booties, additional used vest. \$50. 1 Wetsuit mtl cockpit skirt \$5. 3 strap-in backrests \$5. 1 Sear inflatable seat (w/backrest), used \$5. 1 Chipmunk deck mount diaphragm pump \$20. 4 Yakima roof rack locking raingutter clamping mounts \$20 set. Budget brand (?) roof rack cradles (4) and gunwale brackets (4) \$10. All prices firm plus shipping. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm (TF)

## GEAR WANTED

**3-Bladed Prop**, LH 16-1/2"x12"x1" bore for my '72 Albin motor sailer. Also Want: Oars, paddles, wooden boat hooks, small masts & spars. Cond & odd pieces acceptable. Also used life rings.

TONY GAMBALE, 169 Condor St., E. Boston, MA 02128-1303, (617) 569-3462 (21)

## BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**Robb White & Sons Sport Boat**, handy, pretty, proven 16' x 43" strip planked skiff. Will plane with 2 adults with 4hp. Full sized mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75. SASE for photos & specs.

ROBB WHITE & SONS, Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799 (TFP)

### BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN.COM:

Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55". "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00.

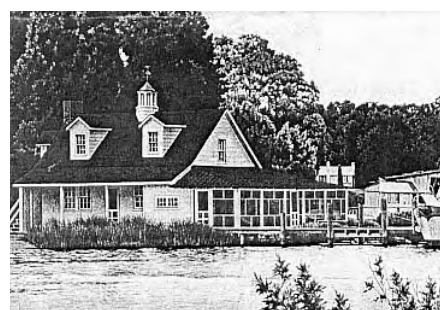
GLEN-L, Box 1804MA, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, [www.Glen-L.com](http://www.Glen-L.com) (TFP)



**Dory Plans**, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

## WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT



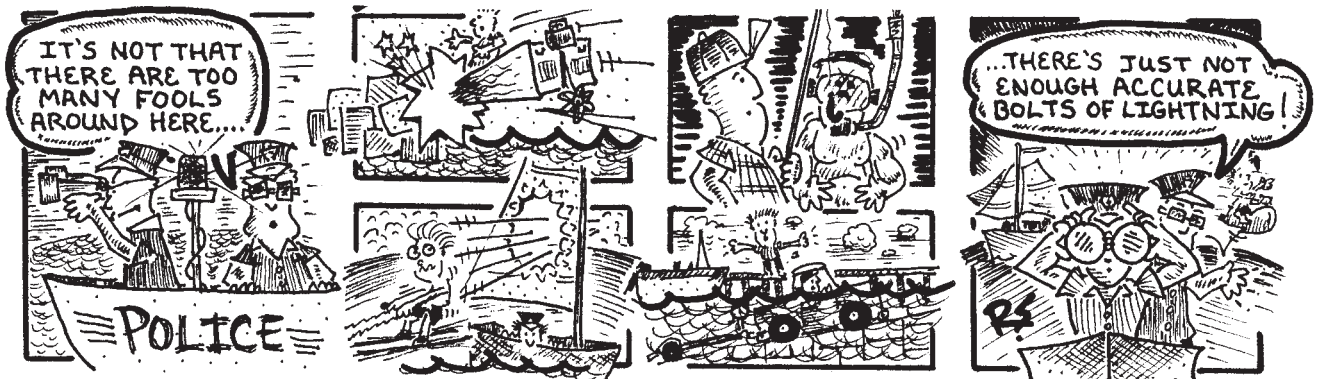
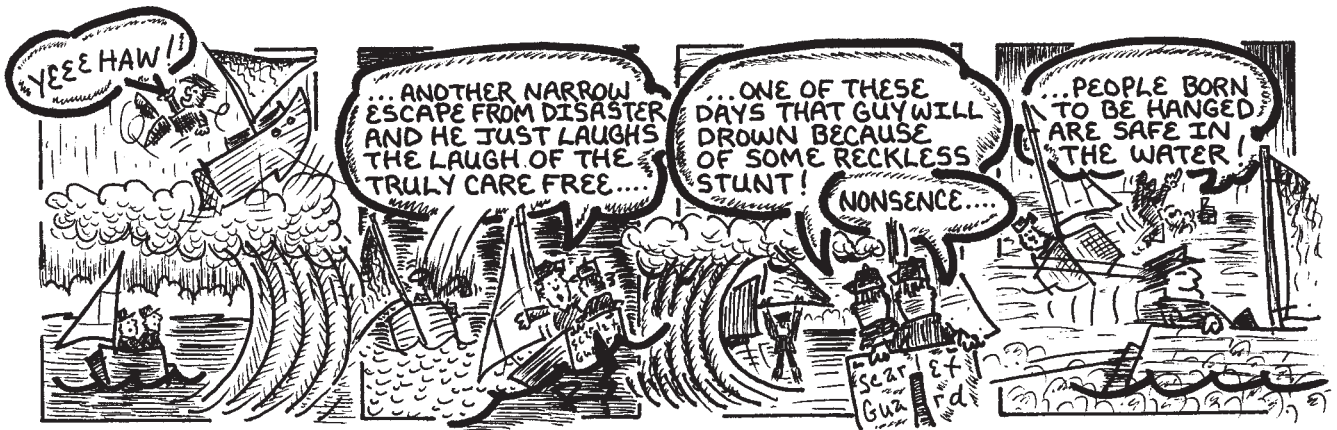
**Vacation Rental Waterfront**, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slips up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk. LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486 (TF)





# Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers  
**Small Boat Etiquette**



# ADIRONDACK GUIDE-BOAT

PO 144 Charlotte VT 05445 (802) 425-3926  
www.adirondack-guide-boat.com

As those of you who take an interest in our company know, it is owned by Steve Kaulback and David Rosen. More or less, Steve designed the boats, Dave designed the company. David's dad died a few months back. David was driving home from the Annapolis Show when his brother called, saying, "He's gone."



Sitting in traffic, in stunned silence, tears filling his eyes....David shook his head at the realization that he still had another boat to deliver.

He recalled his father saying, "I can't complain, I've had a good life." And he did. He met his wife on a bridge in Chicago. He was in the Army Air Corps on a 2 day pass, she came to the big city from Indiana for the fireworks on the 4th of July. A friend was about to take her picture. Her husband-to-be stepped into the frame and a year later they were married. Two years later he was shot down over Germany. For months his young wife didn't know if he was alive or dead. Finally a phone call came from a dairy farmer in Michigan, "Your husband is alive." (He monitored the short wave propaganda broadcasts from Berlin while milking his cows....just listening for such news so he could relay it to loved ones.)



The young soldier spent the rest of the war as a POW. An Anglican minister from New Zealand came to him and said, "I worry about you Jewish boys. You should have a rabbi." David's father said, "Sure. But where are we going to get one?" The padre said, "Well, I was thinking, perhaps you could do it. The men respect you, you know the Bible better than I. And, if you get stuck, I could help."

When the camp was liberated it was by the Russians. The first Allied soldier David's father saw was a drunk major on a white horse, a machine gun in one hand a bottle of vodka in the other. A year and a half and 80 pounds later, he came home to his young wife and soon a son...and then 2 more.



## Upcoming Shows

Feb 15-19 Miami Boat Show, Miami, FL  
Feb 17-24 New England Boat Show, Boston MA  
Mar 9-11 Canoecopia, Madison, WI  
Mar 16-18 Maine Boatbuilder's Show, Portland, ME  
Mar 22-25 Mt Dora Antique and Classic, Mt Dora, FL  
Mar 31-Apr Rustic Furniture Show, Danbury CT  
Apr 12-15 Fla Gulf Coast Small Boat Show, Cortez, FL

David's father always loved boats. When he bought his first sailboat he was tempted to name it, "Look Papa," as if asking his immigrant father to look, see, your son has made it in life.

Some of his happiest times were spent sailing. Or was it the joy that came from working on boats? Or was it both?

He owned half of a construction company. Fifty years earlier, he and his partner bought swamp land that nobody wanted in New Jersey and built factories on the land.

One winter the guideboat company ran out of money. David drove down from Vermont to meet with his father. Sitting in a parked car with the motor running, his father said, "So, how much do you need?"

David told him, "To get us through the winter until sales pick up....\$50,000."

David's father said, "Write it up legal. 7.5 percent. If a check goes into the mail tomorrow, will that be OK?"

It took several years to pay the loan back. When the final payment arrived, David's father could no longer remember what the money was for.



At his funeral, when David got up to speak, all he could say was, "I loved him and I'll miss him."

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